

1953

The

Collegian

THE
ST. JOSEPH'S
COLLEGIAN

SENIOR ISSUE

1935

PUBLISHED BY THE
GRADUATING CLASS

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

COLLEGEVILLE,
INDIANA

Foreword

THROUGH the hundreds of alumni who have gone from this school; through the loyal friends who have known and loved the School, the spirit of St. Joseph's has been borne to countless spots on the globe. To those alumni and friends the mention of St. Joseph's arouses cherished memories which constantly hover like a halo about the campus. Although far away, to them, the School is very near and very dear; it is for us, the administration, faculty, and studentbody to keep it worthy of their esteem.

Motivated by that spirit, we have tried to portray a picture of the present St. Joseph's. We, the graduates of 1935, publish this Senior Number of the COLLEGIAN as the placing of another milestone by the onward path of our Alma Mater.

The St. Joseph's Collegian

MAY — JUNE, 1935

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NUMBER 8



Charter Member



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BUSINESS

ANTHONY SUELZER '35
JAMES O'CONNOR '36

Dedication

WITH grateful and sincere hearts, we, the class of 1935, dedicate this, the Senior issue of the COLLEGIAN, to the Reverend Gilbert Esser, C.P.P.S., M.A., whom we have had the pleasure of knowing as a professor holding the welfare of his pupils near and dear to him. We look with profound appreciation on the hours of toil that he has spent to advance our knowledge in Latin, Greek, English, and Religion. At all times during our years at St. Joseph's, Father Esser has been willing to give special help to those who had fallen behind. Because of this, we shall long remember him as the "Good Samaritan" of our Alma Mater.



The Rev. Gilbert Esser, C.P.P.S., M.A.



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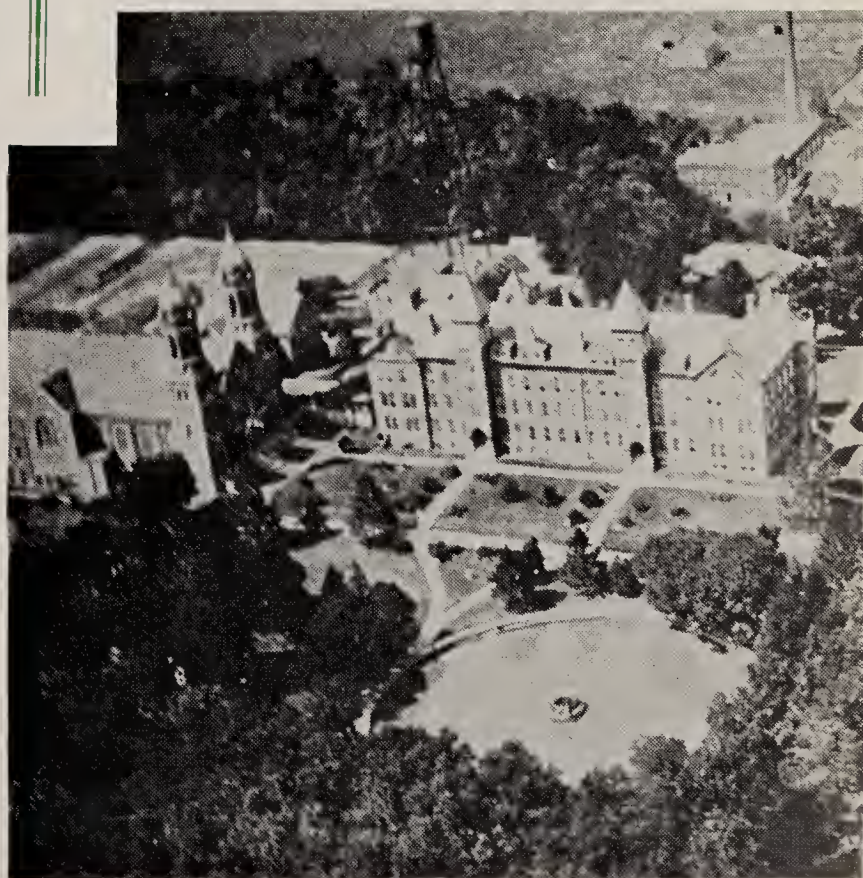
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SCENIC STROLL





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Nature Confined

Aude Rectus

Ne claritatis appetens
Iniqua tu perficias,
Aut cupidus scientiae
Res leviter investigates:
Aude rectus!

Divitias cum congeras
Et jus et rectum ducant te;
In capiendis gaudiis
Sis temperans et sobrius!
Aude rectus!

Cum mundi perdas gratiam,
Vel dedecus sustineas,
Fluctuve mersis aliis
Exstandum tibi soli sit:
Aude rectus!

R. H. Bierberg '35

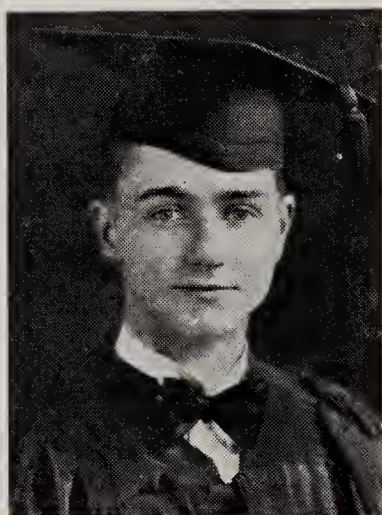
GRADUATES



BAIRD, RICHARD P. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S., Secretary, '34; Raleigh Club.

Calmness personified — a dark bewhiskered gentleman — obtrusive? — not in the least — like a Chesterfield, mild but satisfying — reigns where silence is golden — steady and dependable — Dick.

S

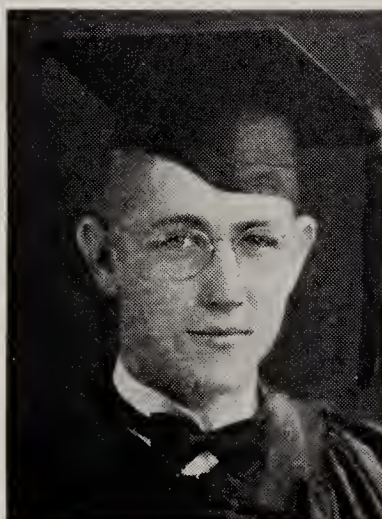


BEELER, EUGENE W. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Monogram Club; Varsity Basketball '34, '35; Intramural Baseball.

Greek is his pet aversion — dynamic speaker — clever actor — wiry and stick-to-itive — pleasant Southern inflection — pinochle fan — independently frank — conspicuous by his bouncing stride — Gene.

BIERBERG, RUDOLPH P. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Monogram Club; Varsity Football '34, '35; Choir; Band; Orchestra; COLLEGIAN '35.

Engages in one-sided verbal pyrotechnics — has a Liszt complex — connoisseur of sound, as evinced by his piano and organ playing — the Seniors' boast to height — wizard at mythology — worries about Chemistry — Biers.



J

BIVEN, VETTER E. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Monogram Club; Baseball Manager, '34, '35; Intramural Basketball, Baseball; COLLEGIAN '35.

"He was bred in old Kentucky and the sunshine of that state is in his face and manner too." — unquenchable optimist — choplogical for the thrill of it — appreciates nature and good books — proud of his Gaelic ancestors — Von Beeven.



CAIN, HEIL A. *Pre-Pharmacy*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club.

"To charm all was his peculiar fate" — one of the mail man's best customers — Zanesville zephyr — appreciator of good books — an inveterate Camel smoker — no close relation to Abel's brother — plays bridge with O'Brien, and O'Brien raises Cain — Satchel.



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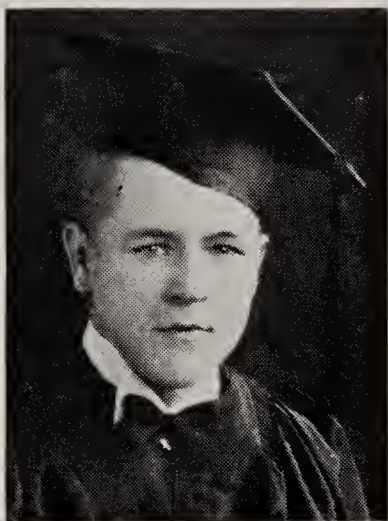
DOWNEY, JOHN A. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S., President '35; Raleigh Club; Monogram Club; Choir; Glee Club; Varsity Basketball '34, Co-capt., '35; COLLEGIAN '35.

Handsome man in Baker Hall — implacable student — patience personified — a dimple for every smile — always good for a quiet pun — Butch.



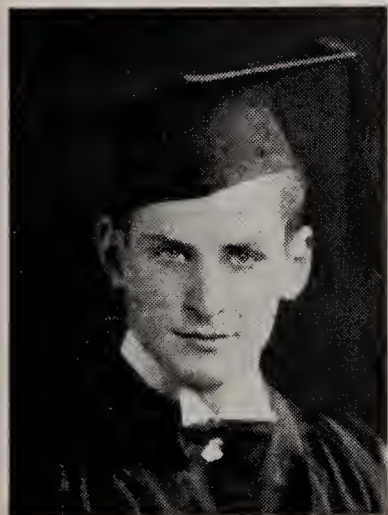
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ELDER, JOHN *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Monogram Club; Class President '34; Football Manager '34, '35; Intramural Football, Basketball, Baseball.

Flashes a brilliant set of teeth — fastidious about nothing save his pipe — hardly inclined toward pompous dress — unpretentious, yet surprisingly well informed — a sunny disposition — Stooge.



|||

FOOHEY, DONALD J. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S., Critic '35; Raleigh Club; Intramural Football, Baseball; Choir; Class President '35; COLLEGIAN '35.

"Fortiter in re, suaviter in modo" — leader of the men of '35 — a man of the world among letters, a man of letters among men of the world — linguistically inclined — part of all that he has met — glib speaker — delightfully nonsensical — Doc.



HARTLAGE, WILLIAM C. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Monogram Club; Varsity Baseball '34, '35; Intramural Football, Basketball; COLLEGIAN '35.

"In arguing too, I can flaunt my skill, for e'en though vanquished, I can argue still." — awakens at the aperitive hour — a rabid pinochleist — a stellar basketeer — a dependable second baseman — unperturbed — Shively Sage — Bill.



HASSON, HUGH P. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S., Executive Committee '35; Raleigh Club; Choir; Band.

Most cheerful man on the campus — profound believer in Father Coughlin — wrestles strongly with the classics — his tastes are simple; his joys, manifold — very apt at humorous impersonations — entertainment his strongest forte — nonchalant master of ceremonies — laundry impresario — Hug.

S

HECKMAN, NORMAN L. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S., Marshal '35; Raleigh Club; Monogram Club; Varsity Football '34, '35; Choir; Band; Orchestra.

Rosy cheeks and curly hair — Jan Garber is his idol of the airwaves — knows all the answers — at home on the stage — takes Readers Digest seriously — gets the weekly paper from Ottawa, Ohio — Butch.



J

HEIMANN, AMBROSE J. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S., Critic '35; Raleigh Club; Band; Orchestra; Intramural Football; COLLEGIAN '35.

The man who knows which lamps to light — never an idle, unproductive moment — a villain for Shakespeare — a scholar — Chink.



HEINZEN, GEORGE W. *Classical*
 D.M.U., Vice-President '35; C.L.S.; Raleigh
 Club; Intramural Football; Choir; Band;
 Orchestra; COLLEGIAN '35.

*His trumpet is wax in his hands — con-
 firmed realist — clever humorist — unques-
 tioned popularity — disperses sunshine in any
 weather — hails from Milwaukee — give him
 his way and Collegeville would be all red
 and green — paint boss — Red.*



HEMMELGARN, WERNER H. *Classical*
 D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Intramural
 Football; Choir; Band; Orchestra.

*"Who drives fat oxen should himself be
 fat" — 180 pounds of 5 feet 10 inches —
 great attraction for lightning — authority on
 snipe-hunting — "Wake up, Verner" — "Pec-
 colo Pete" of Collegeville — recuperates at
 Fort Recovery — Stub.*



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HENNING, CLEMENT J. *Business*
 D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Intramural
 Baseball; Tennis; Glee Club.

*Kentucky forever — Paducah forever and
 ever — an argument for any topic — Egolf
 is his shadow — Trails the latest Colliers like
 the blue-grass bloodhounds — Clem.*

HESSION, EDWARD I. *Classical*
 D.M.U., Vice-president '34; C.L.S., Secre-
 tary '35; Raleigh Club; Monogram Club;
 Varsity Basketball '34, Co-capt. '35; Varsity
 Baseball '34, '35; Intramural Tennis; Choir;
 Glee Club; COLLEGIAN '34, '35.

*"The mildest manners with the bravest
 heart" — generous to the Nth degree — pun-
 ster extraordinary — outstanding scholar —
 fair and square — organizer deluxe — a well
 blended mixture of vim, vigor, and vitality
 — Eddie.*





HIGGINS, WILLIAM S. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Glee Club.
"There lies a deal of deviltry beneath his mild exterior" — caretaker of the vast green of the North Campus — an easy smile — a quaint facility for learning the latest — seldom wrong — enjoys the fragrant weed with a verve that is terrifying — often found reading — Slippery.

S



KELLEY, GLYNN E. *Pre-Medical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Varsity Football '35; Intramural Football, Basketball, Baseball; Glee Club.
Gets around despite his avoirdupois — gay as a flag unfurled — generous as he is imposing — the midnight conversationalist — makes the welkin ring on special occasions — Wapak's vigorous waltzer — Corky.

KLAUS, DONALD R. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club.
No flighty youngster, but full grown — his exceptional talents are neither inert nor dormant — thinks the studyhall is a nice, cozy place — square, finest features — self-contained in his own line, yet inimical to no man — never tells, but always recognizes a good joke — Deck.

J



KLINKER, JOSEPH A. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Choir; Glee Club.
Alternately jocular and lightly serious — frivolously whimsical — never refuses an amicable debate — a physique and a voice that contrast — apt to offer criticism — Jake.



KOSTKA, LEONARD A. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Monogram
Club; Varsity Football '34, '35; Varsity Bas-
ketball '34; Varsity Baseball '34, '35; Intra-
mural Basketball.

*"He puts on jovial airs, sings and plays his
uke" — an athlete and a gentleman — a
dreamy voice often indulging in harmonics —
totes a tantalizing tray — lives in Henry
Ford's city — amiable — Len.*



|||

KRAPF, GERARD H. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club, Vice-presi-
dent '34, President '35.

*A friend to all, an intimate to none — wears
his R. C. presidency with the humility of a
violet — fondly cherishes an old muffler —
often rises to the heights in the field of ex-
pression — charmingly random when he dons
his tweeds for gala occasions — Jerry.*



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KREUTZER, JOHN D. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Varsity
Football, '34, '35; Intramural Basketball, Base-
ball.

*A constant deviser of fantastic hypotheses
— given to general tinkering along the lines
of radio and mechanics — an eye for business
— hails from the Circus City — Johnnie.*



|||

KUEBLER, JOHN L. *Pre-Dental*
D.M.U.; Raleigh Club; Orchestra; Glee
Club.

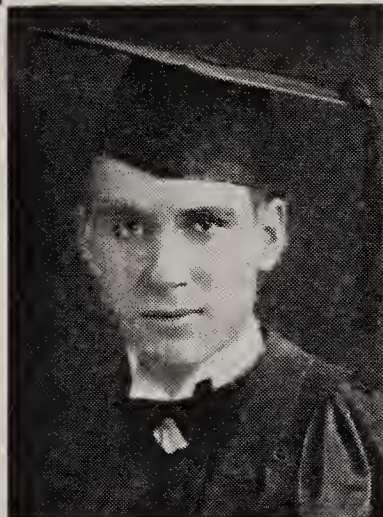
*"Men of few words are the best of men" —
diligent student — practical about everything
— his countenance radiates cheerfulness —
retorts and scalpels are his delights — quaintly
amusing — Peck.*



LA BADIE, JOHN R. *Pre-Legal*
D.M.U., Secretary '35; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Intramural Football; Choir; Glee Club; Intramural Baseball; Class Secretary '34; COLLEGIAN '35.

Collegeville's Walter Winchell — gags often on his own puns — mutters darkly over the hands he holds — generous — temperamental — Putnam County pride — rustic impersonations, one of his achievements — Kidding Sero, another — a mail man — X.

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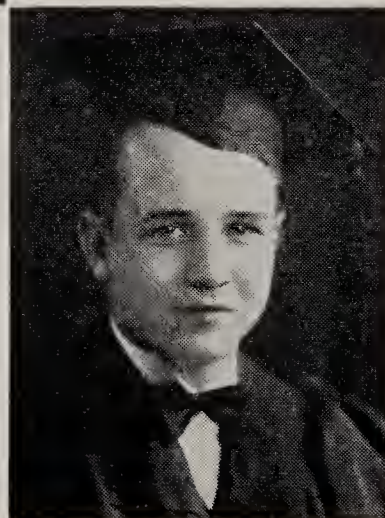


LA FONTAIN, GERALD W. *Chemical Engineering*
D.M.U.; Raleigh Club; Varsity Football '34, '35; Monogram Club; Glee Club.

A thinking tinkerer — carries matches — Tuesday is his "read" letter day — people in glass houses should not throw stones — studies Chemistry during free time — a Buckeye from Fostoria — Gerry.

LA NOUE, GEORGE D. *Education*
D.M.U.; Raleigh Club; Monogram Club, President '35; Varsity Football '34, Captain '35; Varsity Baseball '34, '35; Intramural Basketball; COLLEGIAN, Editor-in-Chief '35.

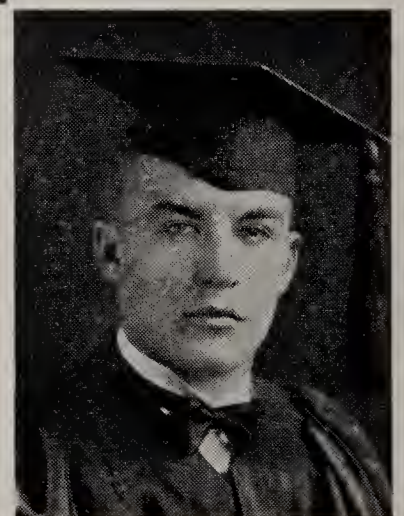
Leader—athlete—sportsman — at times, a student — a spade is a spade — the savoir faire of experience — a man without fear or reproach — with lever long enough, he would move the world — his pipe — red corduroys — a sweat-shirt — Dave.



J

LEUTERMAN, JOSEPH A. *Pre-Legal*
D.M.U.; Monogram Club; Varsity Football, '34, '35; Basketball Manager '34, '35; Intramural Basketball, Baseball.

Enigmatic personality — a gruff visage screening a kindly heart — muscular he-man — hard worker — appears well neatly garbed — a pessimistic optimist — Joe.



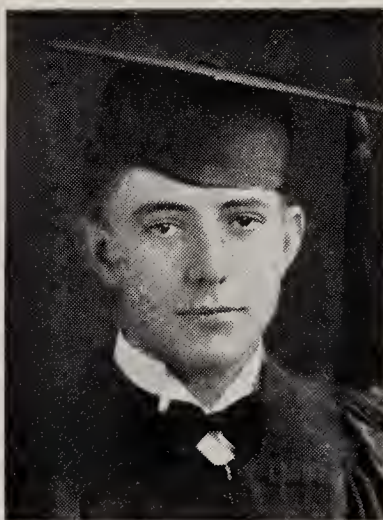
LINDEMAN, JEROME F. *Classical*
D.M.U.; Raleigh Club; Intramural Football.

Wrangles daily with the classics — stoically inclined — lulls one to sleep with his nocturnal rhapsodies — mixes his studying with casual remarks on origin — few words, not fazed by popular opinion — Jerry.



LOSHE, NORBERT J. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; COLLE-
GIAN '35.

The farm-gang takes orders from him — a "Loshetic" jest for every occasion — ambulatory speed-king — artist on the typewriter — Seniors' encyclopedia of essential mathematics — Norb.



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MARTIN, HENRY J. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S., Vice-president '35; Intramural Football; Orchestra; Band; Choir; Raleigh Club; COLLEGIAN '35.

"My heart is warm with the friends I'll make" — tolerates even Stohr — baton waver par excellence — music even dominates his dreams — lives with a verve — loves traveling — occasional moments of pellucid indolence — Pepper.

MAZIARZ, EDWARD A. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S., Secretary '35; Raleigh Club; Choir; Band; Orchestra; Intramural Tennis; COLLEGIAN '35.

Has that "je ne sais quoi" called charm — strikes the golden mean between the pedant and the gay roisterer — defender of vers libre — taught a syncopating sax to speak — delights in serving aces — Mush.





McCarthy, Edward P. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; COLLEGIAN '34, '35.

As gentle and as true a soul as one might expect to meet — spends most of his time in the most remote corners of the library — his pen is as powerful as it is smooth — Duke.

S



Minick, Norbert J. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Varsity Football '34; Varsity Basketball '34; Intramural Baseball; Choir; Glee Club.

"I have bought golden opinions from all sorts of people" — conscientious scholar — has bibliophilic tendencies — dilettante in arts and athletics — naively erubescant on occasions — Red.

Mores, Bernard A. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Varsity Football '35; Intramural Basketball; Choir; Band; Orchestra.

Amusingly acquiescent — enigmatic characteristics set in an apathetic disposition — intelligently clever, and cleverly intelligent — "I can't see why; it seems I must be right." — Pop.

J



Nienberg, Joseph A. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Orchestra; Intramural Basketball, Baseball.

Back of the "eight ball" at any time — no enemies but Chemistry and, formerly, Economics — no worries — fits your mood at all times — has written poetical sketches — Rubinoff is his musical hero — simply because Eddie Cantor comes just afterwards — Joe.



O'BRIEN, JOHN J. *Pre-Legal*
D.M.U.; C.L.S., Vice-president '35; Raleigh Club.

"I like a pipe discreetly lit, a bottle wreathed in cobwebries" — St. Joe's fashionplate — passion for black shirts — place aux dames — buys a lot of stamps — remarkably apt at repartee — tie his hands and he is speechless — a jolly fellow well met — Obie.



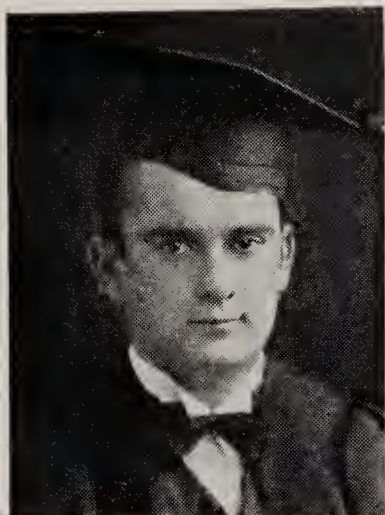
O'GRADY, JAMES W. *Classical*
Raleigh Club; Monogram Club; Choir; Varsity Football '34, '35; Intramural Basketball, Baseball.

"But nary a once will he dodge his foes, cause 'taint like the O's of Lima" — fades into your heart like the moon into a cloud, and stays there — personification of his Celtic ancestry — loves football and plays it hard — collegiate crooner and whistler — Jim.



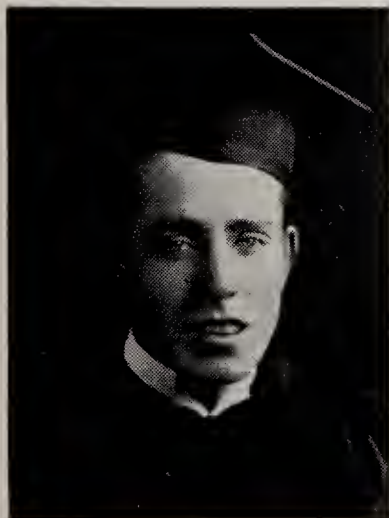
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PALMER, RICHARD W. *Pre-Medical*
D.M.U.; Raleigh Club; Intramural Baseball.

"So very reasonable, so unmoved" — soft spoken — good looking — likes that blue sweater — has time for everything — difficulties may come, but they do not faze this serenely placid chap — just a wee bit romantic about Lima, Ohio — great to know — Pammer.



QUINN, JAMES E. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Varsity Football, '34, '35; Intramural Basketball, Baseball, Tennis; Class Treasurer '34; COLLEGIAN '34, '35.

Interesting conversationalist — frankly outspoken — well read — excellent stylist with a wide, well-adapted vocabulary — as Irish as is his hair — Red.



RANLY, VICTOR J. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club.

There's a tooth that doesn't mix with sports — dabbles in the art of versification — sez he — loves a briar and a quiet corner — a wild south-paw — extremely interested in Chemistry — has a gait all his own — Rube.

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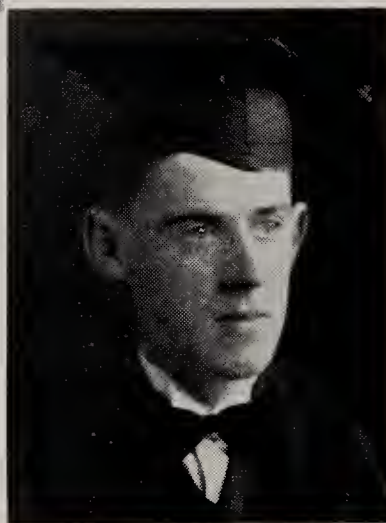


RATERMAN, JOSEPH L. *Business*
D.M.U., Marshal '35; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Monogram Club; Varsity Football, '34, '35; Varsity Baseball '34, '35.

A man in anybody's language — a radio, a keg of Wooden Shoe, and thou — once tried the eighteen day diet and still kept three cooks busy — the world moves and he moves with it — Beeg Joe.

KENWICK, WILLIAM R. *Chemical Engineering*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Choir; Glee Club.

"The noblest mind the best contentions have" — He and Euclid would have been great pals — meticulous in dress — devotee of test tubes and beakers — versed in the art of bid and finesse — conservatively jocular — Bill.



J

RINDERLY, MAURICE J. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Intramural Basketball, Baseball.

A scholar still unsung — plays bridge with the air of scientific superiority — momentarily self conscious — lives up to his Gallic temperament — tenacious — enigmatic — Maurie.



RODMAN, GEORGE H. *Pre-Medical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club, Officer '35;
Intramural Baseball, Tennis.

A Kentucky Colonel — speaks with that southern accent — engaging smile — pleasing personality — prefers his reading undisturbed — labors at Physics — "Now, Justin" — Eight Ball.

ROTH, HAROLD F. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S., President '35, Executive Committee '34; Raleigh Club; Varsity Baseball '34, '35; Intramural Football.

"The happiest people are those who think the most interesting thoughts" — ancient classics never made him their slave — possesses executive ability — loves to imitate — like a day in June with his mellow merriment — Ding.



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SAFFER, ALLARD C. *Classical*
D.M.U.; Raleigh Club; Choir; Glee Club;
COLLEGIAN '35.

A heart as large as his hands — all I have is yours — smiles to encourage you — likes to argue from unique viewpoints — ambitious to learn Logic like the "Our Father" — a strut that betrays him — straight from "Paduckey" — Streamline.



SAMIS, JOHN A. *Classical*
D.M.U., President '35; C.L.S., Critic '34;
Monogram Club, Secretary '35; Class Secretary '35; Varsity Baseball '34, '35; Intramural Football; Choir; Glee Club; COLLEGIAN '35.

Salient because of his scholastic achievements — hits hard — works hard — conservative but broadminded — sound thinker and convincing writer — interesting speaker — jovially inclined toward an old pipe — Sammy.



SCHNIPKE, ROMAN J. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Intramural Football.

Has a mania for biology and big words — wields a wicked broom — house boss — keeper of the key to classroom atmosphere — sympathetic brother — he of the unruly hair and pug-nose — small but mighty — Pug.



SCOTT, JAMES G. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Varsity Football '34; Intramural Basketball, Football; Glee Club; COLLEGIAN '35.

"I love everything that is old, old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine." — pleasantly playful — toast-master deluxe — eternally sincere — Sero's bete noire — powerful pen — natural actor — ready friend — Scotty.

S

SEROCINSKI, JUSTIN F. *Pre-Legal*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club, Officer '35; Glee Club; COLLEGIAN '35.

Known as the Campus' outstanding Republican — personification of school spirit — the shirt off his back is yours — chubby — slightly — temperamental a trifle — lover of fantasies — Sero.



J

SHAFFER, VINCENT H. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Intramural Baseball; Glee Club.

Keeper of the books, to bind them for posterity is his aim — reads them betimes — an aura of calmness surrounds his brow — "Vas you efer in Zinzinnati?" — Vince.



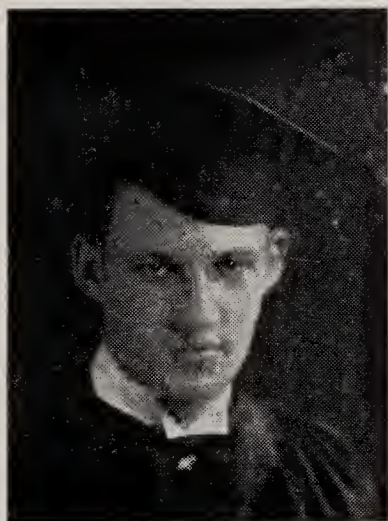
SHARP, JOHN A. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Intramural
Baseball; Choir; Glee Club.

*"I find that his Latin is exquisite, his favor
infinite" — would walk a half mile for a
Lucky — lover of the classics — rather gre-
garious — knows the possibilities of treys
back to back — keen eye for billiards — Spitz.*

SMITH, CARL G. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Intramural
Tennis; Class Vice-president, '34.

*A very opinionated chap — suffers frequent-
ly from nostalgia — procrastinates just a little
— connoisseur of good literature — a plugger
— likes the esplanade in front of the college
— natty dresser — a weakness for syncopa-
tion — his cheerfulness makes up for his size
— Smitty.*

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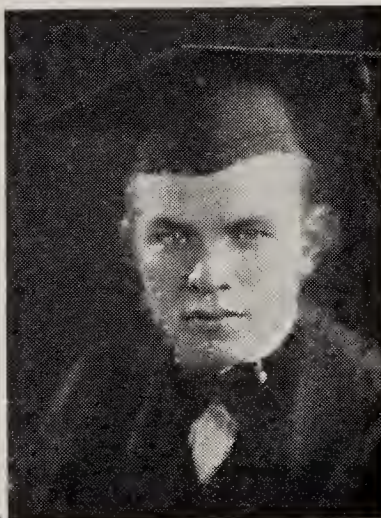
SOLLER, JAMES L. *Business*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Glee Club;
Intramural Baseball.

*Cosmopolitan in taste and friends — will go
right if the crowd goes wrong — always in
a good humor — unquestioned earnestness —
seems to have a niche cut out for him, some-
where — quiet, but overflowing with school
spirit — Jim.*



SPEGELE, MICHAEL A. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Monogram
Club; Varsity Football '35; Intramural Foot-
ball; Band; Orchestra; Glee Club.

*R-r-reckless, r-r-reliable, r-r-reserved —
German by birth and gait — Chemistry en-
thusiast — "Aw, nuts, I can't get dat chunk"
— earned his monogram in football — an ex-
pert bowman, violinist and cellist — "Knock,
knock, knock, the equivocator" — Dutchy.*



35



SUEHRE, MOSA D. *Pre-Medical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S., Executive Committee '35;
Raleigh Club; Intramural Football.

*"A little nonsense now and then is relished
by the best of men" — the barnyard philoso-
pher — forensically inclined — always willing
to satiate the desires of the gullible — dork
usage — Hardinsburg daze! — a fond affec-
tion for his broken cords — prone to exaggera-
tion — Mose.*

S



STOHR, MICHAEL J. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Choir;
Glee Club; COLLEGIAN '35.

*And on his tombstone they may engrave,
"He did his best" — proud possessor of a lone
curly lock of hair — "Move over and make
room for me, I am a man of great promise"
— Iggy.*

SUELZER, ANTHONY J. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S., Marshal '35; Raleigh Club;
Class Medal '34; Intramural Football, Base-
ball; COLLEGIAN '34, Business Manager '35.

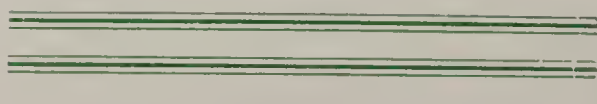
*Man of the campus — looks down from six
feet of well built height — appreciates a good
joke — excellent student — amazingly serious
at times — Tony.*

J



SUTTON, BERNARD F. *Pre-Legal*
D.M.U.; Raleigh Club; Band; Intramural
Football, Baseball; General Tennis Manager
'35; COLLEGIAN '35.

*Typist of no little ability — talks about any-
thing with no limit as to time — has some
good ideas about things to be done — would
like to do some of them here and now —
Bernie.*



THORNBURY, JAMES G. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Monogram Club; Cheer
Leader '34, '35; Raleigh Club; Intramural
Basketball, Football, Baseball, Tennis; Choir;
Glee Club; COLLEGIAN, Assistant Editor
'35.

*"He who can explain himself may command
what he wants" — good mixer — thesaurus
of ideas — cosmopolitan cheerleader — hu-
man dynamo — diplomat without equal — "I
believe in miracles" — Jim.*

WATZEK, FRANCIS J. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S.; Raleigh Club; Stage Man-
ager.

*His mind runs in the field of dramatics,
stage equipment, and dress rehearsals — "ten-
derness and loyalty — self sacrifice and devo-
tion to duty" — these are his aspirations; a
sunny day, a glowing pipe, a 250 yard drive
— these are his delights — a tartar when irked
— Boss.*



35

19



WOLF, AUGUST J. *Classical*
D.M.U.; C.L.S., Executive Committee '35;
Raleigh Club; Monogram Club; Varsity Base-
ball '34, '35; Intramural Football; Choir.

*"A man of polite learning and liberal edu-
cation" — willing helper — hard to irritate
— complacently studious — has tonsorial abili-
ty — his ping pong feats remain unsung —
rabid pinochle enthusiast — well mannered
— Lupc.*

OFFICERS

DONALD J. FOOHEY, PRESIDENT
JOHN A. SAMIS, SECRETARY

MOTTO
AUDE RECTUS

FLOWER
CARNATION

The Moment

by

H. Gruber '37

A feathered thing, a little gleam,
A flying spark on wings
Which leaves its mark on every face,
And rust on earthly things.

It turns the jet upon our heads
Into a silvery snow
And kills the flame of life with frost,
When pleasures rankly grow.

It plows the hardest marble brow
With wrinkles deep and long;
It plows the petals off the rose,
And chokes the voice of song.

It twines about the neck of Time
Like ring of racing fire;
It sends forth but an only flash,
Then must for aye expire.

Such pranks the Moment plays at will,
Then into darkness flies,
But ere it flees, a threat it leaves
At which some sorrow dies.

For man it is the span of life,
In it alone he lives;
The past is dead without recall
The future grudging gives.

Rejoice then, O my grieving heart!
That Moments swiftly fly;
If happiness they quickly kill,
The pain must also die.

Green and Gold

by

J. D. Kreutzer '35

Not long ago, a dream, it seemed to me,
Came floating out of darkness like a cloud,
And shot forth a vermillion flame which burst
Into a flare of countless meteorites.
In curving lines of green and gold they swarmed
And writ, meseems, such daring words as told
How Fortune's kindly hand would guide me well
Through all this world's tumultuous pageantry.

As in amaze I stood, I scanned the worth,
Not of myself alone, but of my class,
Which Thirty-Five had brought unto its goal.
For each within that class, the meteors wove
Of green and gold a crown, a chaplet rare,
To prove in Fortune's wealth an equal share.

CLASSES

WITH the approach of graduation, our minds are filled with charming and loving memories, so real that we seem in a manner to return to the past with something more than a mere recollection of a completed drama. Our eyes can no longer see those events in their original setting, but the inner eye of memory — God's loving gift to man — brings them back to tug at our inmost feelings. We are joyous, it is true, but that joy is mellowed by a tone of sadness. We cannot forget those friends we have made on campus and in classroom, and whom we must now leave. Abounding in friendship and in the knowledge we have received, we consider ourselves rich, and our graduation an ideal exit for a new entrance on life's stage.

And now with our long waited goal in sight let us review the completely enacted drama in which one hundred and forty characters have taken part. Our scholastic curtain rises with our very informal entrance through the rear gate. This, however, was not a social blunder, for the highway passing the college was under reconstruction. Nevertheless, overlooking this unusual presentation, we, the freshman class, began our higher scholastic endeavors with all ambition and serious-mindedness peculiar to a first High class. Clement Steele was chosen as leader of the embryonic Class of '35. The two main features of that year, the famous Flag Rush at the Fourth-Fifth football game, and the St. Pat's Parade, furnished a taste of college life to the "Babes." Though of little assistance at the Rush, the "freshies" did their part by contributing their share to the noise, and by tugging at the shirt tails of the upperclassmen. Studies, with athletics for a diversion, made the year pass rapidly.

Vacations are life's punctuation marks, pauses which give one time to ponder, and so by September we realized we were sophs, ready to deal out harsh welcomes to our much inferior "freshies." New faces took the places of those who had dropped out, and with Ralph Steinhauser as President of the class, the year passed smoothly. We shall never forget the Sunday night that the flashy little Seconds, decked out in their green and gold basketball suits, outplayed the Thirds to a close but glorious victory. The trees blossomed; summer followed spring, and we rejoiced to find ourselves juniors.

Twenty-eight newcomers greeted our fast diminishing class on our return. Edward McCarthy was selected as leader for the year. In sports, studies, and literary achievements the juniors held their own. But soon a June day dawned, wishing us a pleasant time in our native cities.

March
of
Time

As high school seniors we witnessed the change of the scholastic curricula of St. Joseph's from that of a preparatory seminary to a junior secular college. With it, interscholastic athletics were reintroduced under the newly-appointed Coach, Raymond DeCook, B.Sc. Class rivalry ceased; all became as one to aid the Varsity. It was at this time our present basketball Captains, Edward Hession and John Downey, began their career as regular Varsity men. During that, our first season, not a single game was lost on our home floor, and the interest of the games turned our wearied minds from Latin, Greek, and the laws of General Physics. The honors of senior Leader were bestowed upon Anthony Suelzer who led the class to a very successful year. The days slipped along into months and soon we were high school students no longer.

With John Elder wielding the gavel, our first year in the College Department passed all too quickly. The grand finale of the year was the Junior-Senior Night held in honor of the Graduates.

And now we too are Seniors. We are proud to say that Donald Foohey, one of the thirteen students remaining from the original class of '35, was selected to be our Sixth Year President, a position which we deem most honorable and most envied of any in the college. If Tolstoy is correct in saying that great men are merely tags for great events, then we can justly say that he, and John Samis, our secretary, are the tags who have been responsible for this our last and most successful year. The class is likewise honored in being the largest ever to graduate from the portals of our Alma Mater. Without a doubt the most enjoyable outing this year was our trip to Danville for the Central Normal football game. We can truly say that our senior days have been the most enjoyable; that they will pass into oblivion is unthinkable.

The coat of joy which we seniors have been wearing begins to grow worn as the long-looked-for day approaches. Now that the time for parting has at last come round, we are not so ready to exclaim that we are glad to leave. All our petty complications fade away in the light of truth. You have taught us, Alma Mater, the principle which we have chosen for our class motto, "AUDE RECTUS." How better can we judge an institution than from the record of prospering circumstances? For all these things the Class of '35 is grateful.

The heirs apparent to the thrones of seniordom are a class of wide tastes and diverging ambitions, but a class, concentrated in effort and determined toward accomplishment. Of their number they have contributed freely to the choir and glee club, and from their midst, quite a few musicians are welded into the harmonious units of band and orchestra. With characteristic, effusive willingness, the class has taken an active part in the C.L.S. and the D.M.U.; four of its members are on the COLLEGIAN staff of '34,'35, and not a few have worn the proud Purple and Cardinal of St. Joseph's.

Class
of
1936

In the bi-annual elections they have chosen for their Presidents, Roman Anderson, and Anthony Gamble, both thoroughly competent students and leaders. Their future success is assured by the fact that they have already fused themselves into a working unit toward one ideal — the class of '36 moves forward. Here's luck, "in the teeth of all winds blowing."



As sincere a class as there is on the campus, are the high school seniors. Their ability in the various activities is always fresh and earnest. Dogged determination in athletics, talent in music, and moral and material backing of the D.M.U. are the individuating notes of these young men. Equally commendable is their work in the Newman Club's presentation of public performances.

Class
of
1937

At the head of this class is Norman Fischer. Guided by him, the class has made such a fine record during the past year that the college department welcomes them with eager expectation of still greater accomplishment.

Underclassmen



Class of 1938

Having just taken their third step on the ladder of education, these young men are still filled with the brightness and enthusiasm so characteristic of younger years. However, they are slowly but surely changing into men, men whose exploits at St. Joseph's will long outlive their sojourn within its walls.

Their ambitions in sports, in the choir, in the band and orchestra, and in scholastic endeavors furnish proof that they have the best interests of their Alma Mater at heart.

Judging from the fact that they elected Cornelius Wiemels president of their group, it may be safely said that they carry on their affairs in a big way, because both his size and his popularity are by no means small.

Our parting wish is one that we feel sure is certain to be fulfilled — that the day will come when their ambitions will be realized, and the class of '38 will have, figuratively speaking, the world at its feet.

Filling the air with the treble sounds of their unbroken voices, these youths have spent the past year in acquainting themselves with the duties and respect which they owe to their elders. Perhaps the attempts at learning were a bit crude at first, but now they have taken root so well that it is once more safe for older people to wander about the campus, without being endangered by these small tornadoes.

In one respect, that of being awed by the accomplishments of the upperclassmen, they have failed miserably, and they give promise of becoming just as adept in their later days at St. Joseph's.

The Second Year men emulated those of the higher classes by electing a president at the opening of the year and at the beginning of the second semester. Those who received the gavel were Adolph Proppe and Donald Hardebeck respectively.

The Freshmen were content to place the burden of leadership on one man for the entire year; the man selected was Harold Weller. As a parting shot to these youngsters, we advise earnest effort in all their endeavors and prophesy that their later success will then be forthcoming.



May

by

E. Reeler '35

I breathe the perfume of unfolding flowers
That hem the garden walks with glowing bloom
And bring to mind meanwhile those happy hours
That know not worry's theme, nor ought of gloom.
The bleeding rose and lissom tulip seem to say,
"Rejoice, O Youth, and stay with us a while;
For you we bloom and laugh here in the sun;
For you we brim the glass with joys of May."

Hence, Youth, so full of sweetest happiness,
Lay hold on life's rare opportunity.
The time is stealing close, I must confess,
When you must meet with its reality.
And when it comes, may you be glad to say,
"I drank my fill of life in joyful May."

CARDINAL CANOPY

SEEMINGLY only a short time ago, the forty-fourth scholastic year of Saint Joseph's College was ushered in and pleasantly introduced. Nine months of school life passed by, some flying briskly, some only leisurely strolling. Now the time has arrived when the year, crowned with appropriate laurels, must take its leave, much as we would like to hold it. Time, however, must go on. After Commencement exercises, only memories, precious memories will remain; remain to be cherished as only memories can be. Long after we have forgotten that Gaul was divided into three parts or that Virgil wrote "Arma virumque cano," we shall remember the happy times we spent here, the acquaintances we formed, in fact, everything that goes to make up a vibrant, spirited school life. This year, in particular, will long be remembered. It has been a year filled with thrills and joys blended happily with the usual amount of sorrows and spills. The latter, however, do not faze us. That philosophic way of taking things, the ability to mix the bitter with the sweet, is a tradition with Saint Joe men. So, life moves on rather tranquilly in Collegeville; in fact, as tranquilly as the fragrant June air moves under the old maples in front of the Main Building.

The Awakening

A bright morning in September 1934 — eleventh to be exact — 5:59 A.M. — Collegeville dormitories — serenity personified — two hundred and seventy tired young men vainly dreaming of home and a glorious vacation — a silent form enters — the bell in his hand ends the serenity — it seems to speak — "Awake, awake, the time for late sleeping is no more." — Groan, groan, groan; two hundred and seventy youthful bodies turn over for a cat nap — but the bell still clamors — its sentence is irrevocable — Rustle, rustle, rustle — two hundred and seventy odd sets of blankets are sent flying back — Clump, clump, clump; five hundred and forty feet hit the floor — we're off.

The Start

Later — same morning — Solemn High Mass — invoking God's blessing on the year's work — After this, renewing acquaintances with old professors — greeting new additions to the faculty — without any more adieu — thrown into the whirlpool of activity — trunk unpacking — organization of curricula — retelling vacation experiences ad nauseam — becoming used to new faces — accustoming oneself to the reappearance and disappearance of old.

The Year Moves On

Things finally settle down — the smooth winding road of the year lies before us — Class elections — politics — marshalling of votes — mob psychology — tabulations — College Seniors — green and gold standards flapping in the breeze — Donald Foohey, president — John Samis, secretary.

Fighting Fifths — Roman Anderson — Anthony Gamble — Co-presidents — William Stack — Lawrence Mertes — Co-secretaries.

Frolicking Fourths — Norman Fischer, swinging the gavel — capably assisted by George Stanchik, vice-president — Edward Vorholt, secretary — Paul Zeller, treasurer.

Tenacious Thirds — led by Cornelius Wiemels — Robert Grindle, on hand to “pro tem” if necessary — Lawrence Moriarity, taking care of minute recording — Robert Danahey — guardian of the coin of the realm.

Sophomoric Seconds — acknowledge Adolph Proppe as leader — with Donald Hardebeck as running mate — Leonard Mathew, holding the honor of treasurer.

Fascinated Firsts — Harold Weller taking all bows as president — Sylvan Merkel doing the same for vice-president — Eder twins, Harold and Gerald officiating as secretary and treasurer.

A Typical Day

Groans at the awakening hour — still have their first day inflections — Mass — Communion — Deo Gratias — Cornflakes, milk, the Collegeville bun — the gay, untrammelled laughter of carefree youth overwhelming one on the way to the Club — the bliss of that after breakfast smoke.

Serious hours spent in pleasant studyhalls and classrooms — taking care of scholastic obligations — where careers are fashioned — by recitations.

Dinner — and arguments on topics of current interest — arguments galore.

Recreation — the beneficial use of leisure hours. — Quiet, profitable reading maketh a full man — books — rows and rows of them — breath taking views from windows — the miniature museum — more books — conducive to wisdom — piety — delight — use — a place to think — to read — a factory for ideas — the Library.

The sweat of exercising bodies — the thrill of bodily contact — the perennial attraction of contest — mens sana in corpore sano — intercollegiate games — pulses beat — beat the opposing team — intramural — bitter rivalry but solidly cementing school spirit — Athletics.

Soft solace to tired minds — the flamboyant wail of a saxophone — soul-stirring strains of a violin — the fairy tinkling of a piano — all is not so sweet — hours of irksome practice — under the tutelage of a master — well worth the effort — Music.

Blue whorls of smoke — delightfully fragrant — animated conversation — a smile at the thought of a possible finesse — sometimes a dark muttering — it failed — flash of cards — clicking of pool ball — laughter, bubbling laughter — the soothing strains of a popular orchestra — an undercurrent of excitement — ex tempore declamations — perversity of women — Father Coughlin — my philosophy of life — those inimitable “bull” sessions — revealing of personalities — The Club.

The hours move on — supper — tired bodies — review of the day — Benediction — adoration — thanksgiving — supplication — the Rosary — sincere Aves honoring the Virgin Mother. — Those evening study periods — hopes of magnas and cums turned into realities — busy heads bent over text books — a Chemistry problem. — A Latin copybook — hard working intelligences — flying pens and pencils. — The Collegian Office — the clatter of typewriters — the journal must go on — helpful suggestions — home of all Collegeville gags — a beehive right before the deadline — proof reading — tardy copy — rendezvous of essayists and raconteurs. — Business Manager’s endless orations on the economical use of paper — an industrious place.

At last — the dormitory again — cool — immaculate — refreshing sheets — rows of beds — sleep comes hard to some — easy to others — but nevertheless sleep — sometimes surreptitious sounds — a crash — a hasty retreat — oblivion — midnight conversations. — “I’ve a million more and they’re all funny” — finally sleep again — pleasant dreams — good night.

Notable Events of the Year

October 21 — Sunday afternoon — Senior Wienie Roast — college gravel pit — some sixty Seniors — heterogeneously garbed — suede jackets — golf knickers — tattered sweaters — corduroys — musty sweatshirts — white ducks — slouch hats — stocking caps — some heads not covered at all — all out for a grand time — rabbit hunt — king of the hill — rough and tumble — the fragrant aroma of coffee — repast — toasted marshmallows — roasted wieners — baked potatoes — ummm — more games — exit for many shirts — pictures taken — of the originals — of other motley groups — of the human ’35 — of the carved ’35 on the wild Cherry — pictures

Cardinal
Canopy

to be priceless treasures for later years — that unforgettable march back — another Coxie's army — urged on by the tintinnabulation of wash tubs and old fenders — thrilled by the lusty singing of the "Fight Song" — the campus once more — the Class's flag triumphantly hoisted to the top of the pole — the green and gold banner flapping tantalizingly in the wind — but no one dared to molest it — Gee! what a day — and did those beds feel good —

October 31 — till November 3 — Retreat — end of the first quarter — three days of special spiritual endeavor — silence prevailing over the campus — visiting the chapel — instructive addresses — moments of beneficial recollection — everything tending towards the development of the real man —

November 3 — Student trip to Danville, Indiana — to cheer the Cardinal grid team against Central Normal — exams were over — books were forgotten — two roomy busses were chartered — highways proved to be happy ways — intermittent cheers — endless discussions — the distinctive merits of respective states — everybody filled with high spirits — finally, after miles of cheerful riding, our destination — looking the town over — free copies of the "Campus Crier" — the game — and what a game — continual downpour of rain — hampering our fleet-footed halfbacks — made playing miserable — still that old Saint Joe pep could not be held down — an end run — followed immediately by a line plunge — netted Central Normal's sole touch down — still the Cardinals came back for more — plenty of encouragement from the sidelines — "Our hands are cold — our clothes are wet — come on gang, we'll get them yet!" — too much weight in the opposition — final score 6 to 0 — no actual victory but an affirmed moral one — a hearty meal — more seeing of the town — collecting of souvenirs — Danville has some nice people — eh, Maurie? — the return trip — every one tired — but still having a grand time — wait till next year, Central Normal —

December 12 — Football Banquet — visitor's dining room — gay repartee — lively chatter — appropriately smacking of the gridiron — the tables creaking with good cheer — appetites sufficiently satiated — after dinner speeches — satisfactory record of the team — its reputation for clean sportsmanship — awarding of monograms for merit — everyone given a big hand — seniors' reminiscences of their association with Saint Joe football — Cyril Gaffney elected Captain — a great ovation — an evening in Rensselaer.

December 19 — Valpo Pep meeting — held in the gymnasium — the balcony banked with students — Jim Thornbury directing proceedings from the playing court — high spirits prevailing — pulses beating — that old Saint Joe tradition — Fight — Fight — and never give up — Cheers, cheers — led by Jim Thornbury and Bill Stack — thundering — thundering — thundering like the roar of cannons — George Muresan with his Cardinal and Purple band kept the pep at fever heat — Coach DeCook stimulated enthusiasm — Joe Leuterman preserved it for the game — a college comedy skit — “Win The Game For Mother, Boys” — a delightful travesty on the power of sentiment in athletics — the “Fight Song” — Victory.

December 22 — start of Christmas vacation — the hustle and bustle of packing battered suitcases, less battered gladstones — “don’t forget anything.” — au revoirs — Home, — sweet home!

January 7 — the Stoics return — vacation was over — nomads are again converted into students — everybody telling everybody else what a grand time he had — that weary trodding of three flights of steps to the dormitories — 9:00 P. M. retiring again.

March 17 — 18 — Sunday — Monday — Saint Patrick’s Day — and celebration — everybody — including the Irish — flashing green shirts and novel ties — Saint Joe’s nationalities united — in honoring the Gaelic Saint — lengthy sojourns to various part of the surrounding prairies — town day — Spirits were bubbling — school was forgotten — topped off by an entertaining movie —

April 28 — Mission Festival — a recent innovation — but carried on with an unfaltering pride that has been characteristic of Saint Joe students — bizarre — smacking of county fairs with its cries of “You don’t have to knock them off, just tip them over.” — sponsored by the Dwenger Mission Unit — effectively managed by Anthony Suelzer, John Elder and James Thornbury — put over in a big way — with the hard work and zealous effort of an energetic committee — and cooperation of an interested studentbody — daily cares were put away or blotted out by four hours of good — clean — hilarious fun — climaxed by the tantalizing suspense of the grand raffle in the evening — of course, it was successful — Two hundred and seventy-five dollars profit — and every cent of it going to the missions.

May 2 — Collegian Staff of ’35 and ’36 Chosen. Editor, George C. Muresan ’36 — Ass’t Editor, Dennis E. Schmitt ’36 — Associate Editors, William Frantz ’36 — Roman Anderson ’36 — Robert Kaple ’36 — Contributing Editors,

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Canopy**

Joseph Grevenkamp '36 — Thomas Growney '36 — Earl Foos '36 — Norbert Dreiling '36 — Edward Bubala '36 — Bernard Shank '36 — Norman Fischer '37 — Kenneth Couhig '37 — Lawrence Moriarity '38 — Locals, Henry Gzybowski '36 — Timothy Doody '36 — Clubs, Donald Muldoon '36 — Edward Vorholt '37 — Humor, Robert Hoevel '36 — Andrew Ferencak '36 — Alumni, Aurele Durocher '36 — John Hoorman '36 — Exchanges, Richard Trame '36 — Edward Dunn '36 — Books, Anthony Gamble '36 — Edward Gruber '37 — Business, James O'Connor '36 — Joseph Westhoven '36 — Sports, Albert Ottenweller '36 — Fred Steininger '36 — Art, Fabian Oris '36.

May 4 — Saturday Evening — Junior-Senior Banquet — sponsored by the class of '36 in honor of the class of '35 — in the college refectory aglow with lights — the blue and gold streamers of the juniors swirling with the green and gold of the seniors — admirably set off with the cardinal and purple of the college — delightful decorations — everybody excited — rivalry of the two classes forgotten — a bond of friendship existing — a bond that will still be strongly tied long after college days are over — those tables straining under the burden of tantalizing delicacies — Donald Muldoon's welcome in the name of the juniors — George Muresan and the Junior Orchestra aiding digestion — after appetites were satisfied — Anthony Gamble — toastmaster — de luxe — introduces a number of speakers — "the Senior Class Will" — "the Senior Prophecy" — an evening that will be cherished in memory — Success, Seniors! Thanks, Juniors!

May 12 — and 13 — Homecoming — Another of Saint Joseph's glorious occasions — open house to all alumni — from all corners of the world they come — among the boys again — to forget the weight of years — to throw off the infirmities and reserve of age — meeting of old pals — retelling of former escapades — kidding the present students along — Alma Mater welcomes the old grads with beaming smile and open heart — a delightful program has been arranged — Sunday — 2:00 P. M. — Varsity vs. Joliet College — and Saint Joe's team is in fine fettle — 7:45 P. M. Operetta, "Double Crossed" — after the performance — silent forms scurrying in the dark — "We're young once more." — Monday — 8:00 A. M. — Solemn Requiem High Mass for deceased Alumni — 9:15 A. M. — Baseball game — Varsity versus Alumni — what a game — usually ends in an argument — and a doubt as to who really is the winner — win — lose — or — draw — still a great game — 12:00 Noon — Alumni

Banquet — disposal of viands — bottoms up — speeches
— election of officers — “Aufwiedersehen” —

Cardinal
Canopy

June 3 and 4 — Commencement Days — Saint Joseph's at
its best and prettiest — happy days for professors —
happier days for underclassmen — happiest and saddest
days for graduates — no more studying to utilize our
hours — no more strolling in the shadow of the towers —
last minute autographing of Senior Numbers — color —
glamour — romance — “pure — tranquil air moving
steady and sweet under old trees” — refreshing — grati-
fying — lovely — the lake — mirrored serenity — the
grove — coolness personified — crowds — men — women
— children — parents — relatives — friends — strolling
— questioning — admiring — along the maple walk —
the origin of the sundial — the jade of the terrace.

Program — Monday — 2:00 P. M. — Organ Recital
— reminiscent of old masters — College Chapel — 4:00
P. M. — Band Concert — campus pavillion — exciting
groups — mothers and fathers — 8:00 — Operetta —
“Double-Crossed” a production of the vocal and instru-
mental talent of the Music Department — under the
direction of Father Hiller and Professor Tonner —

Tuesday — 6:25 A. M. — Mass — The Most Reverend
John Francis Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne — cele-
brant —

8:00 A. M. — Graduation Exercises — Alumni Hall
— The Very Reverend Joseph B. Kenkel, C.P.P.S., Ph.D.,
President of the College — Presiding. Words of
encouragement by the Most Reverend Bishop —
Baccalaureate Address by the Hon. Timothy P.
Galvin, outstanding Catholic lawyer from Ham-
mond — President of Notre Dame Alumni — Distribution
of diplomas to seniors — awarding of medals to success-
ful underclassmen. — Valedictory — College Song —
“Thy sons are cheered and thrilled anew, when joys and
duties throng” — warm handclasps — sincere hand-
clasps — Farewell but don't forget — the friendships
formed — the good times had — the ceaseless striving
for Religio — Moralitas — Scientia — and don't forget
your Alma Mater and that guiding maxim, “AUDE
RECTUS”—



Biological Laboratory



Chemistry Laboratory



Library Reading Room



Raleigh Billiard Room

LITERATURE

The Master Performs

First Prize, Alumni Essay Contest

● ● By Rudolph H. Bierberg '36

TONIGHT the Master sits at his instrument in a crowded, silent hall and works his magic upon his audience. From a scene of tender beauty, quivering with the twitter of birds and the lowing of kine, he modulates into a scene of madness. The tugging notes draw from the entranced listeners a response, complete, spontaneous. At the climax of the storm he is creating, the Master sits at the keyboard but does not play. He is caught up in a vision. He is there; all eyes are upon him. The instrument is there; it is quiet. The Master is in motion, but his motion is frenzied and pantomimic. Yet a tone wells up from the instrument, floats languorously through the hall, pauses, crystallizes in the air. A low, rumbling note of distant thunder breaks through the silence and bolts into a crashing chord under the pounding hands of the Master. His enraptured listeners awaken from their trance only to find themselves pitched headlong into a melodious autumn scene — rustling leaves, murmuring zephyrs, pattering rain-drops — a real dreamland.

In such paroxysms of emotions, Franz Liszt enveloped his audiences hardly a century ago when he made the piano strings vibrate alternately with furious heat and soft, soothing, tinkling melodies which, as they came turn by turn, squeezed out of human life more ecstasy than it could well afford to give. Already as a mere boy, prodigy that he was, he wove for himself a laurel wreath by his magnificent playing, and later as a man, the Napoleon of the pianoforte, he embellished that wreath with immortal glory. Fame could not refuse to be partial to one whose emotions shot up into the loftiest regions of the tempestuous atmosphere of life and there performed tricks in sound and harmony which could not fail to dupe those who heard and enthrall them with a sweetness of sense that was captivating and amazing. Hardly less than Paganini, that "archwizard" of sound, and more than any other musician, Liszt has played upon the imagination and emotion of the musical world. His offerings at the altar of the goddess Euterpe brought him fame that will not die until the love of music itself perishes.

That Franz Liszt is so celebrated as almost to become a myth in the world of music is, without doubt, due to his transcending emotional powers to which was added a muscular control that made the translation of his inward feelings into external expression a rare possibility. Such rapture and passion he often poured into his playing that he threw, not only his listeners, but also himself into what might well be termed a state of catalepsy. If ever there was a musician who could hypnotize by sound, it was certainly and above all Liszt. It is related of him that on one occasion, he permitted his powerfully active imagination to wander wildly with the result that he suddenly beheld himself fingering, not the smooth keys of the piano, but the glistening, ugly teeth of Satan, who loomed up so hideously before him as to bring on a spell of fainting. Similar to this effect upon himself was the effect he produced upon his hearers. He attracted lovers of music to himself as a lodestone attracts iron. His magnetic personality drew from those who saw him and heard him play unreserved acclaim and esteem. They sought the thrill over and over which his soul-stirring strains charged into their nerves with a current of alternating and conflicting emotions of joy and sorrow, of majesty and humility, of fury and quietude, of love and hatred. Countries in which his success was nothing short of phenomenal abound with stirring and interesting reminiscences concerning his strange, weird, and unusual playing. Thus he is credited with the perplexing feat of having unwittingly exercised such remarkable power on two Russian young men, who at the time were students at a school of law, that, upon hearing him play one morning, they became so deeply entranced as to become oblivious of their surroundings and proceeded to act like madmen or like victims of the bewildering witchery of love.

With Liszt began a new mode of playing the piano. He did not wish to play as Beethoven did, but as Beethoven would have played had he possessed a hundred hands. His purpose was to inject into piano playing the fullness of expression equal to that of a symphony orchestra. In this design he was perfectly successful. By giving each note ample and proportionate volume through painstaking emphasis and regulated touch, he produced a multiple combination of sounds that had about it all the illusion of complete orchestration. For this exceptional contribution to the art of music, Liszt has received the unstinted praise of critics. That he merits their praise is plain in view of the consideration that he brought the technique of piano playing to a finish unknown before his time and, in a certain manner, unsurpassed since his day.

Besides being a musical hypnotist and an orchestra in himself when at the piano, Liszt seemingly could never produce a "fortissimo" that was loud enough to please his ears. It is said that the sign "FF" brought down such sledge-hammer blows from his hands on the keys that the instrument swayed, the keys splintered, and the strings snapped. Ernest Legouve, a contemporary of the great Master, says that on an occasion when Liszt was improvising for several of his friends, he was carried away by a fit of sudden fury to which he gave expression with such terrible blows on the piano keys that his friends agreed in pitying the strings if, indeed, these could experience the torture that was heaped upon them. When asked what idea he meant to interpret, he answered with a serious mien, "I'm looking at a field of battle; I'm counting the wounded and the dying."

Though in general a ruffian pounder at the keys of the piano, Liszt also knew the art of "pianissimo" playing. He could evoke tones of such delicacy, as his contemporary, Legouve, maintains, "that made one think of the almost inaudible tinkling of tiny spangles or the faint explosions of sparks of fire." The atmosphere, however, which Liszt mostly created was one that shook with thunder, gleamed with lightning, and bellowed with the noise of breakers on a rock-bound shore.

Naturally with a man who loved to portray the more violent and furious passions in his playing, the delicate accuracy and finesse of later pianists, such as Chopin, Tausig, Thalberg, Rubinstein, were at a discount. As time went on, these more modern masters succeeded in plucking many decorations from the glorious laurel wreath that bound the temples of Liszt by developing a sharply defined technique such as the old Master hardly possessed. In consequence the almost idolatrous esteem accorded to Liszt has somewhat abated. Even the host of fairy tales associated with his memory have been exploded by the laughter and ridicule that followed closely upon careful research. The element of conceit in these stories which runs to the length of such assertions that Liszt never struck a false note, that his hand could cover two octaves, that he possessed supernatural agility and speed in fingering, is plainly a Lisztianized legend at the reading of which the old Master himself would smile. There would be no sense in ridiculing Liszt because of these yarns spun out of admiration for him by those who idolized him. The fact is that he was a superior genius in music, that his temperament was not analytical, but fundamental, in the sense that he wished to play as he felt like playing without bothering himself as to how or why. He despised the finesse of

technical drudgery. A young student once coming to him for advice concerning faulty technique was dismissed with the gruff reply, "Am I a piano teacher?"

This summary of the outstanding features of Franz Liszt as a pianist shows how fortunate people were to have lived in that golden age of music which claimed him as its crowning glory. By universal consent in his day the title "king of musicians" went to him. Though his fame rested principally upon his masterful playing, yet it was also merited in part by his brilliant compositions. That his playing, however, overshadowed his other efforts is clear from the words of Rudolph Breitenhaupt, a contemporary critic, who says, "In analyzing Liszt's command at the piano, we find that it consists first and foremost in the revelation of a mighty personality rather than in the achievement of unheard of technical feats. His power over an audience was such that he had only to place his hands on the keyboard to awaken storms of applause. Even his pauses had life and movement, for his hands spoke in animated gestures, while his Jupiter-like head, with its mane of flowing hair, exercised an almost hypnotic effect upon his entranced listeners."

Whatever opinions critics may have given about Liszt's ability in music may very well deserve notice as they will assist one materially in understanding the mind and quality of this striking musical prodigy. But the old Master himself gives the best answer to any question concerning him in the historical record of his wonderful playing and in the musical masterpieces he has left to posterity. To his undying fame it must be conceded that he has created a memory of himself in his rhapsodic masterpieces that the world will never willingly let die.



Farewell

R. H. Sutton '35

Hearsay bears report
That Graduates from college
Put on their heads the mortar board
As symbol of their knowledge.
Doctor, Lawyer, Classic;
Even Engineer
Will strut in wisdom's flowing robe
To show what depths each had to probe
To win that just acclaim
Which lays the corner stone to future fame.

You Graduates of Nineteen Thirty-Five,
For you this is Commencement Day,
The Day on which you flaunt with pride
That motto drawn from ancient lore,
 "Aude Rectus."
This motto with its meaning bold
You framed so well
In lively green and flashing gold
That it would seem the goal of all your thoughts.
Can this be true?
If true it is, remember then,
This Day, a milestone in your lives,
Demands some room for thought within your minds
For just one other word.
You may have thought on it,
But shunned its meaning,
Yet, that word is here with all that it imports,
The word, "Farewell."

It is not meaningless, this word, "Farewell,"
For it implies
That you will leave your "Alma Mater's" halls
And with it, too, the company
Of chosen friends.
The world you face
Will not be kind to you in all its ways,
For it will bring its storms
To try your strength.
What bliss this Day will give to you
Will meet its counterpart in trials
That cannot be undone by timid strife
Nor by resolves
Conceived in idle phrase.

The very threshold of your home
May put your metal to the test
When you meet him who toiled and slaved
That you might wear the crown
Which learning wins for all its votaries.
He is the one you know as Dad
Who seemed to you as dull as stubble fields
But now he proves that he can talk
And act as grand as you
And without ceremony, proceeds
To take you down a "notch or two."

All that remains for you
Is your lone self.
You've learned —
Now stand against the chaos of the world
And sternly face the call of life
With all the worth at your command.
Then, for a cause you undertake
You may expect the help of God,
Whose help is not denied
To those who help themselves
As much as in them lies.

Your own success and happiness
With blessings manifold
Are all contained within that wish
Which "Alma Mater" sends with you
As now you turn in happy mood
To bid "Farewell."



Thy Will Be Done

D. M. U. First Prize Story

● ● By Albert Ottenweller '36

WITH a prayerful sigh, Father Dubois closed his Breviary and turned to watch the open country scenes sweep past the window of the railway coach in which he was riding. As outlined against the glass, his face would have made a realistic portrait. The picture might have represented a fairly corpulent, middle-aged missionary whose life story was earmarked all through with satisfying success if his furrowed brow, grey hair, and pinched lips had not betrayed worry, apprehension, and the fear of failure. Yet his kindly eyes showed that he had gathered up the wisdom of years and that within him beat a heart filled with loving resignation to God's holy will.

Hours ago, Father Dubois had boarded the wheezy old train at a station near St. Ann's, his mission. It was in response to a summons from his Bishop that he was making this tedious trip to the episcopal city. At home or on travels, difficulties seemed to pursue him relentlessly. He felt tired, but tiredness was his portion in life. From the days of his young manhood when he had studied feverishly to acquire the knowledge necessary for the priesthood down to the present when he had labored for years with almost superhuman energy at missionary work in hostile China, no vacation or even a slight period of rest had come to him to refresh his spirits. His journeying had been endless among the scattered natives to bring to them spiritual light and food for their souls, though he himself might be without bodily food and comfort for weeks at a time.

Nor was personal discomfort his only trial. Once an outlaw band from the neighboring mountains had captured him and tortured him painfully for several months. The people in the region of his mission responded slowly to his painstaking instructions. Again and again his poorly furnished chapel had been robbed. If discouragement and disappointment could break a man's spirit, Father Dubois had enough of both to shatter his spirits into bits. But he knew that no man with a human heart in him gets far on his way without some soul-searching and bitter discouragement and disappointment. Happy in the thought that he was serving God, he pushed onward stage by stage in his

unpleasant journeys and step by step in the task he had undertaken. If seeming failure dogged his tracks, hope with its promise of final reward illuminated the road he was traveling. Gradually he gathered converts to the Catholic Faith. The little hut in which he said Mass came to be the object of their particular care. It was soon guarded against the vandalism of robbers. Father Dubois felt elated at seeing his humble converts rejoice in the consolations which came to them from faith in their new-found God. He began to realize the truth of the saying that a missionary mounts to heaven mostly on the ruins of his cherished schemes, finding that his supposed failures were indeed successes. At times the words of his sermon clung chokingly in his throat as he saw these simple folk kneeling devoutly on the bare earth, their lips murmuring words to persuade God to forgiveness and mercy.

St. Ann's was not always to be small. By incessant labor and continuous prayer, the faithful missionary, Father Dubois, caused the tiny seed of faith to strike vigorous root, to grow, and to blossom into flower. Fruitfulness was not far distant. The number of converts about St. Ann's mission began to increase. The little hut which served as a church soon proved to be insufficient to accommodate the worshipers. To build a real church developed into a growing ambition among the faithful. When construction started, enthusiasm to bring the building to completion showed itself in a measure altogether unexpected. Money, of course, was not to be had; it was not even taken into account. Brains and hands alone were needed. Ingenuity was plentiful, and willingness was there without stint. Within a year, St. Ann's mission could boast a fine new church. For Father Dubois, each stone in the church building was a symbol of noble achievement for Christ; each piece of furnishing was an augury for repose and freedom from work and worry. A feeling of satisfaction came upon him which brought him to determine upon making St. Ann's mission his home for life. Hopefully he began to make plans for coming years.

Now his Bishop had summoned him for reasons that were beyond the remotest guess. As the train stopped, Father Dubois picked up his valise and jostled through a crowd of unfamiliar faces out of the railway car and down the steps of the station platform. The big city with its odd sights, annoying smells, and disturbing sounds momentarily confused him. For a while he stood at the edge of the street as if dazed. A runner with a rickshaw came up and offered a ride. Yes, Father Dubois was glad to accept the runner's services and handed him the address

to the Bishop's residence. Quickly he was on the way, and more quickly than he expected he arrived at his destination. During his journey he had tried to recall rules of politeness and etiquette in order to make an acceptable impression upon his Bishop, but he found the Bishop thoroughly matter of fact and informal, a man who had worries such as left little, if any room, for thoughts about formalities and etiquette. What he had pictured to himself as a spacious episcopal residence proved to be a dwelling hardly better appointed than the one in which he himself lived at St. Ann's mission. There was no need, as he soon discovered, to trouble about making a favorable impression. The Bishop himself was given to hard work, and the only impression that counted with him was evidence of hard work in a missionary. Thus it was that Father Dubois immediately felt thoroughly at ease in the episcopal house and in the presence of his Bishop. The reason alone for the summons now occupied his mind.

Bishop Medeant, sitting at a small table in his office, appeared stern, but his affable manner and kindly speech were always conducive to open-heartedness and confidence in those whom he interviewed. As Father Dubois came into the office, the Bishop remarked:

"It's good to see you again, Father. I suppose you had an enjoyable trip?"

"Oh, yes," answered Father Dubois, "as enjoyable as reciting the Breviary for the major part of the time could make it. But I did have a little glimpse at strange country on my way."

"There is much strange country to be seen in this land, Father," continued the Bishop, "you know there is. Perhaps strange country has an attraction for you. You are more than well acquainted at the mission where you are now stationed." Momentarily, the Bishop paused while twirling a wooden letter opener between his fingers; then continuing, said, "Sometimes it is God's will that we should move from places and people we love too well and take up our abode in new and uncultivated fields. I'm sure you understand what I mean. In this vast country there are other sheep that need a shepherd outside of those which make up your faithful flock at St. Ann's. You have been among these Chinese people for many years; you know their language and their ways. Now there is a large number of Chinese near a place called Wang Poo. No missionary has ever come to them. I have thought this matter over carefully and have finally decided that you, though you are no longer young, are just the priest most capable of filling that post. A younger missionary, not as yet

inured to work as you are, will just be most suitable for your well established St. Ann's mission."

The words of the Bishop, though spoken gently, seemed harsh to Father Dubois. They crushed something vital within him. For a while he sat quietly and gazed stolidly at the tiled floor. He could not think of leaving St. Ann's. A young missionary, not as yet inured to work, was to take his place. For himself there was to be nothing but a strange, gloomy wilderness, and that at an age when he felt that he needed rest. No, he could not go; he could no longer face long, lonely hours of toil for the sake of winning obstinate souls for God. His age would not permit any such undertaking. Perhaps he would even be tortured, even put to death. He had barely escaped these things; now he must brave them again. How could he think of exchanging his few hard-won comforts for gruesome torments!

Yet all the while he knew within his own mind that he would agree willingly to the Bishop's proposal in spite of difficulties. Help would come from God with a glorious reward. For that reward he would exchange all bodily comforts. Raising his face, he smiled wanly at the Bishop, who by this time had risen from his chair at the little table. Father Dubois walked over to the Bishop, gripped his hand and cheerfully said, "God's will be done!"

Believing that he had received all the instructions intended for him, Father Dubois now prepared to leave, but the Bishop stopped him and said:

"Father, you are not to return to St. Ann's. Let there be no leave taking. It will only mean sorrow for you and for your converts. Stay with me for several days. I shall provide you with necessities so that you can go from this place directly to your new charge at Wang Poo."

"That will be the better way of doing things," Father Dubois assented. "It will spare me much trouble." Yet in saying these words he could not conceal his disappointment. But, having just weathered a major disappointment, he was ready to take a minor one as a matter of course. He remained with the Bishop until everything was ready for his departure. It gave him much pleasure in the meanwhile that the young missionary who was to take his place at St. Ann's was an agreeable, social, able, and thoroughly pious man, one who would promote the spiritual interests of his charge in the best manner possible. With joy in his heart and confidence in God, the old missionary now set out to his new scene of labor.

For two years, Father Dubois found his work at Wang Poo even more promising than at St. Ann's. During this

period of time, he found frequent occasion to correspond with his Bishop. Suddenly his letters failed to arrive. Bishop Medeant began to worry about the welfare of his stalwart missionary. After a lapse of several months he thought it best to make personal investigation as to what might have happened to Father Dubois. Knowing something about the location of the new mission at Wang Poo from descriptions given in Father Dubois' letters, the Bishop, upon his arrival, readily found St. Andrew's, the name by which the new mission was known. He sickened at seeing the destruction of two small buildings which evidently had been erected with great labor by Father Dubois. But the missionary was nowhere to be found. Upon careful search among the natives, the Bishop found several converts from whom he learned that a band of robbers had suddenly surprised the mission. The good Father, as they explained, had met with death at the hands of the robbers. The grave where he now lay buried was not far distant. Willingly they led the Bishop to see that grave. It was marked by a small cross on which were scrawled the words, "Thy Will be Done.'

At the grave the Bishop led in prayer for the repose of the soul of Father Dubois. Having finished praying, he asked how it came that the particular expression was placed upon the cross? The converts explained that these were the words which they had heard the good Father use most frequently. They were the same words, as the Bishop recalled, which Father Dubois had used when he had received his appointment to the place where he now lay dead. For a long while the Bishop gazed silently at the grave, while tears filled his eyes.



Nature Speaks

Second Prize, Alumni Essay Contest

• • By Edward Bubala '36

AS my mind races back to the years of my youth, I cannot help but recall the joyful days spent with Mother Nature in her wooded haunts that were so thickly populated by brilliantly colored birds and with all kinds of briskly alive animals. At that time of my life, Mother Nature was too much in a playful mood to teach me seriously how to interpret the happy songs of her forest choirs and the habits of her numerous gay, little, furry pets. In later years, however, much reading about wild animal life, together with personal observation, often bewildering in its complexity, has enabled me to appreciate the melodies of the great outdoors and the modes of living pursued by the denizens of bush and brake and wide-open field. Briefly and at random I purpose to relate what I learned in that most free of all schools, situated between the earth and the blue sky, on one rarely happy day.

Fortunately for me, the day I had chosen for my ramble in the domain of Mother Nature was of the kind that starts with a grand aurora and gradually crystallizes into that iridescent beauty common only to the sweetest days of June. If Nature in her motherly kindness is man's ablest teacher — and all savants known to letters and history agree that she is such — she, as a wise instructor, could not have chosen a better occasion to urge me to study the lessons which she desires to teach. On that day it seemed to me that she had unsealed my eyes and ears to all the sights and sounds belonging to her existence. In the gently stirring breeze, the trees appeared to lisp their age-old stories to one another; the wild flowers coquetted in the pride of their bloom; the slim bodies of the lowly grass danced with joy. Could there be a fellowship in these forms of vegetation among their own kinds? Surely, one in every kind vied with the other in growth and protected the other from harm. If this mutually beneficial relation did not proceed from an inherent intelligence, then it did proceed from an imposed and planned design. With this thought in mind, the lesson, spread out before me, began to take orderly shape. I found that by looking at Nature's wonders in broad outlines made me eager to learn. The ordinary

things, usually overlooked by man, so I discovered, make up the primer lesson in Nature's wonder book. I would be like the ignorant man who marvels at what is exceptional; I would be like the wise man who marvels at what is common. The regularity of Nature was to be the only source of inspiration for me.

From contemplating life in vegetation, my mind was called to look at it in action by the warblings of a canary perched on the limb of a near-by crab apple tree. The piercing notes of the little bird blended into harmony with the sharp lemon color of its feathers. Was it singing for its own enjoyment? Did it come near me in order to find a listener? The bird amused me, but I quickly noticed that it was totally unaware of my presence. A moment later I observed the songster's mate sitting on a nest securely hidden in the crotch of a branch. Here was the reason for all that cheerful singing. Sitting on a nest for long days and nights must be a tiresome employment. It must be akin to what people understand by solitary confinement. But I learned that Nature knows how to work relief for the inconveniences that cannot be circumvented in her plans. The mother bird, quietly hatching her young, was to be entertained by the pretty antics and songs of her gorgeous companion. What agreeable compensation for a tedious task! Nature, I saw, was not only wise and good in her designs, but also beautiful — always beautiful. As I pondered this idea, the lesson dawned on me that from the highest blue skies down to the humblest dust heap there is nothing base, nothing ugly in Nature's works, if only things will be kept in their appointed places according to her sacred ordinances.

In my ramble I came upon woodchucks and squirrels. All were busy, and it was not mere play either that kept them scurrying about. Work seemed to engross their attention so fully that none of them even cared to take notice of my approach. They had no time to be disturbed. While watching them go about their chores, the old story recurred to my memory which urges the sluggard of the human kind to take note of the ant and thus learn what it means to use time profitably. But I found that it is not merely the ant from which the human sluggard might receive a lesson in diligence. The woodchucks and the squirrels could give him a worthy example of work just as well. Mother Nature has countless ways in teaching valuable lessons, but her rational sons and daughters hate to heed her admonitions. I found even myself surprised by the rude impulse to harry these busy little creatures, while I was consciously admiring Nature in her beauty and variety.

How then could I learn what I sought to learn? Instinctively, my mind reverted to the almost criminal pranks of my boyhood days, when in company with other boys, I thought of nothing but slingshots and clubs whenever anything like bird or beast hove into sight. Instead of loving the wonders of Nature, I then sought to destroy her works, and that merely to satisfy a savage inclination which had no excuse from reason or profit. I am glad that I now see beauty, where in those days I saw only occasion for villainy.

But the conclusions which a person draws from observation may quickly be put to the test. I was bent on finding beauty in Nature, and I had found it. There was nothing ugly, nothing base, of that I felt assured. While still fumbling the thought in my mind that throughout the big wide world everything must be beautiful, a large spotted snake boldly glided up to me through the grass and proceeded to coil itself about the calf of my leg. Could this repulsive and slimy reptile have any relation to beauty? To crush its head was all I could think of for the moment. But I was out for learning what Mother Nature had in store for me. Here might be a chance for a novel, personal experience, so I thought, if only I could keep my nerve. I recalled reading that in the presence of creatures considered to be dangerous, calm, stoical composure is the only road to safety. In consequence, I remained perfectly quiet and found that the snake, though of the poison-viper family, had no poison for me. It stretched itself to its greatest length in order to coil as much as possible, evidently finding the strange, soft touch of my clothing a delightful sensation. I soon became intensely interested in noting how that snake could reduce its thickness to the size of a man's little finger, and then again flatten its form into a mere ribbon, all the while maintaining its coiled position. Despite my interest, however, I began to wonder when the reptile would make an end to its fun. Yet, I gave it sufficient time to grow tired of its acrobatics, and presently, without doing me any harm, it unwound itself from my leg and slipped away leisurely among the weeds. I then realized that if I had yielded to the promptings of fear, this lesson of innocent friendliness, coming from the rankest form of wild life, would have been lost for me. How true it is that Nature demands self-control from him who would be her pupil! She will manifest her beauties to him alone who will be self-possessed and attentive. "The apple that she dropped at the feet of Newton was only a coy invitation to follow her to the secrets of higher and nobler wonders."

If Mother Nature is good because she fills the heart of man with hilarious delights, if she is beautiful in what she presents to man's sense and mind, she can hardly fall short of being truthful in the lessons she teaches. It is said that Nature is but a name for an effect whose cause is God; that she has perfections in order to show that she is the image of God, and defects, to prove that she is only His image. Certain it is, that one, to whom Nature is an open book, will not find riddles in God's dealings with this world. That every material fact holds sheathed within itself a spiritual truth is an idea which has held place in the mind of man from earliest ages onward. Though at times Nature may appear rough and surly, yet she always shows herself to be under the control of a power that directs her workings according to a preordained plan. That power, as Nature herself teaches, is God. If Nature then is the work of God, she must be true in her demands. No violence will undo her laws, but her laws will break down all opposition. Any one who seeks instructions at the hands of Nature and will not come to acknowledge a supreme power as governing this world has not reflected sufficiently on the lessons put before him. With these thoughts occupying my mind, I turned once more to survey all things within the reach of my eyes, from the blue dome of the skies down to the earth whereon I stood, and saw on that grand page of Nature's book the words — the good, the beautiful, the true.

My happy day was now far spent. Satisfied that I had lent my time to good purpose, I returned homeward from my ramble. To add to my feeling of contentment, the poem entitled "Nature" written by Jones Very came to my memory. In a few carefully chosen lines this poet recounts all my pleasurable experiences by telling of his own friendship with the bubbling brook, with the singing birds, with the flowers, the hills, the wild animals, and the skies. He closes his poem with the beautiful words:

"For he, who with his Maker walks aright,
Shall be of Nature lord as Adam was before;
His ears shall catch each sound with new delight,
Each object wear the dress which then it wore;
And, as when in holy garb old Adam stood,
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good."

Tenderfoot

D. M. U. Second Prize Story

● ● By John A. Samis '35

THE dying sun was painting its final tracery of color on fine feather clouds in an African sky. At the mission, "Regina Pacis," Father Ralph looked out on the village scene from his window. After a year's labor among the Bantus he concluded that "Regina Pacis" was a misnomer. Tribal dissension; warfare, murder, rapine, continued. The cause? Apparently there was no solution. If only he could tear aside the veil of mystery which cloaked the activities of the local Medicine Man. But solve the problem he would. With a grim smile he recalled that in the Celtic mind of his veteran assistant, Brother Patrick, there lurked the firm intent of crushing the head of that reptile.

With a glance at his watch he realized that it was time for the evening catechism class. He called Brother Patrick, that tall, spare, grey-haired retainer of the Lord. Together they left the mission house and turned down "Main Street," — a tortuous, narrow lane, crawling among the jerry-built native huts. At each tinkle of the little hand-bell chocolate-skinned cherubs came running with shouts of happiness. In a smooth, grassy clearing, shaded by bowing palms, the catechetical instructions began with prayer. Just as the first question was being answered in the peculiar Bantu, an interruption came in the form of an English voice.

"Why, I say there, hello — Mr. — ah — Father Ralph!"

This stentorian greeting issued from a tall, dapper figure, clad in immaculately white drill. Upon his bold approach the little blackies scurried like frightened bunnies.

"The little fellows are a bit bashful, aren't they?" The visitor's deeply tanned face strained at an attempted chuckle.

Brother Patrick disliked exceedingly to be interrupted at his work, especially by the Reverend Wiley Lockridge.

"Mr. Lockridge, your Reverence, if you don't mind we prefer to dismiss our own classes — when we are ready."

Please, let's not quarrel," Father Ralph pleaded. "Mr. Lockridge works for the benefit of the natives as we do. Besides he is the only white man within twenty miles."

"But don't call him a missionary, please Father. 'Twould be the last straw. Might as well call the old sneakin' Medicine Man a missionary. Sure, and the two of them would make a fine team of snakes."

Seemingly as cool as the water from the hills, Lock-

ridge brushed aside this verbal attack with a contemptuous sneer. Perhaps it was to his advantage that the sharp encounter was abruptly terminated.

"Do you hear that?" Father Ralph had caught it first. From the jungle came faintly a dull, ominous tum-tum-tatum. Even as they stopped to listen its beating grew louder.

"'Tis the native telegraph, Father. From the sound of it, there's a pot a-boilin' over." Brother Patrick weighed and stressed his words as he locked glances with Lockridge.

After a brief interval, young warriors emerged from the dank jungle returning from the chase. But their customary, joyful hunt-song was changed to blood-curdling cries of sorrow. A warrior had been murdered. Those who had remained in the village rushed to the young men with a similar chant. Then broke loose a pandemonium sufficiently gruesome to quake the most courageous.

"Quick, to the river!" shouted Brother Patrick. He began running.

"No! We can't make it! The house!" It was Lockridge's idea. Quickly they entered the shelter of the mission house.

"Bolt all the doors and windows! Each one at a loophole!" Father Ralph snapped orders like an officer. Heavy wooden blinds covered the windows. "Lockridge — take this rifle — use it! We may have to shoot our way out of this!"

Lockridge disdained the rifle and began to remove most of his clothes. Stupefied the priest and the brother watched his strange actions. Suddenly they gasped and exclaimed in unison,

"The Medicine Man!"

What a transformation! Before them stood Lockridge, his skin blackened by the African sun; hideous, garish images tattooed over his body. A close fitting, phosphorescent mask — Satan's own face — completed the make-up.

The Brother levelled his rifle menacingly at the impostor. With a leer Lockridge snapped, "You are undoubtedly aware of my power over the Bantus —?" These words clove to the tense room as if suspended.

Silently, with maddening slowness, the seconds passed. Then Father Ralph said, "Let him go, Brother. It's our only chance."

Lockridge, with the movements of a cat, left by the front door. He sauntered toward the assembled natives. When they became aware of his presence their frenzy was changed to fear and awe. Not a word spoke the "Medicine Man;" he communicated his wishes by laconic gestures.

Before the house in a roomy clearing the savages gathered in an immense circle. In its center a fire was kindled. As dusk turned to night, the ochre glow of the fire became tinged with the blood-red — ironical symbol of re-

venge. By the fire was laid the body of the young warrior, slain by a gunman, a white man.

"See that, Father —!"

The young missionary gritted his teeth, "And we are blamed for it."

"Sure, we are the only ones that have rifles." Then Brother Patrick said bitterly, "That thug, Lockridge, had his hand in this affair, somehow."

The good Brother tightened his grip on his gun. Father Ralph's retort was a silent prayer to the "Regina Pacis."

Suddenly the natives commenced a low, moaning chant, weird and despairing. The sound of crackling flames, the rhythmic beat of the drums, the hypnotic dance of death, the ululations — all belonging to a strange world, a world of dim ages past— filled the air.

"Burial ceremony!" curtly exclaimed Brother Patrick. He peered intently through the loop-hole. "Father it will be but a few hours before the finish. It's our only chance—!"

"That would be suicide, Brother. Don't you see that the house is heavily guarded?" With kindness muting the edge of his voice he said, "We'll have to wait for the break — and pray."

"Rather be smoked out like rats; not this Irishman!" With that Brother Patrick dashed toward the door.

"Brother!" his superior's voice rasped with command.

As if struck, the Brother stopped. The young missionary tactfully began the "Credo" of the Rosary. Brother Patrick was stunned. Dazed he found himself responding to the "Paters and Aves." Outside the negroes howled with devilish fury. "Litany of Loretto," — "Queen of Peace, pray for us! St. Patrick — great missionary — pray for us!"

Prayer after prayer arose from their hearts until time seemed merged into eternity. Brother Patrick gazed out on the heathen scene through the loop-hole. The women's screaming voices had taken up the closing chant of the burial dirge. Meanwhile the young blacks prepared resinous torches. Lockridge sat amid the elders — smoking his pipe of wisdom, while he motioned his orders. At times his face smirked with a demon's hatred.

When he perceived the torches Brother Patrick's ruddy countenance bleached with fear. "Father, they're coming — Why that devil —!"

"Out the side door! Run for your life!" The priest hastened out of the mission followed by his assistant. A shower of torches and spears whizzed around them; yells filled with blood-lust pursued them. Suddenly the heavy night air quivered to the crack of concentrated rifle-fire. It ceased. The silence of the dead reigned. The savages pierced the darkness with a terrified, fearful cry.

Brother Patrick stopped, "Troops, Father, troops! Thank God, we're saved! Look down stream! Come on, Father, here's where the geese chase the dog!"

"There he is — Lockridge — heading toward the mission house — must be after his clothing!" This from Father Ralph as he plunged toward the house. A short time later he reappeared with Lockridge before him. Somehow the rifle in the hands of the missionary covered the erstwhile "Medicine Man."

As these things were transpiring the troops had disembarked. Never did an Irish heart expand as did Brother Patrick's. With the hand-shaking, the back-thumping, and the blarney, he was the epitome of Celtic volubility. To the officer in command, Major Fincheley, he was so familiar that one would think the Irish and English to be the closest of friends.

"Major Fincheley," the young missionary felt like a scoring left half-back, "meet Mr. Lockridge, Independent Missionary and Bantu Medicine Man."

The officer took Lockridge into custody. All excitement, Brother Patrick rushed to his companion.

"Father, I just knew St. Patrick would drive all snakes out of here. Sure, and didn't I say to myself as we were prayin' 'St. Patrick, please open the ears of those Englishmen at the fort so they can hear the tum-tum-ta-tum.' Ah, but the good Saint has his own way with the snakes!"

"Yes, we surmised danger," declared Major Fincheley good-naturedly as he poked Brother Patrick in the ribs. Then he added with a smile, "If we had not, you'd have been a sorry looking Irishman."

Later in the night Major Fincheley came to the mission house after having put Lockridge through a rigorous grilling. Brother Patrick, the soul of hospitality, had refreshments for his good British friend.

"What results, Major?" inquired Father Ralph.

"He confessed to the murder of the Bantu. After much questioning I got him to admit that his missionary-and-medicine-man stunts were simply blinds for his opium smuggling. For some time we knew that the natives were getting the drug, but we could not locate the source. This night's work has cleared that up. Your courageous capture of Lockridge, Father Ralph, merits the official gratitude of His Majesty's government. Moreover, it entitles you to the usual reward for the capture of drug smugglers — five thousand dollars."

Through the young missionary's mind flashed the thought that struggle and suffering alone can bring peace. His heart knew that the "Regina Pacis" was looking down upon her mission with a kindly smile.

ACTIVITIES



Columbian
Literary Society



Affording literary inclined collegians an opportunity to display their dramatic talents, the Columbian Literary Society ranks as the oldest extra-curricular activity on the college campus. Its purpose is twofold: to present throughout the school year public entertainments for the pleasure of the entire studentbody and visitors, and to foster by its private programs, the art of vocal expression. Every member has the opportunity to acquaint himself with the rudiments of Parliamentary Law, to acquire familiarity with the various forms of public speaking, and to develop a true cultural background. As Moderator, the Reverend Eugene Luckey, C.P.P.S., has capably directed the organization during the past year. The Presidents for the first and second semesters were John Downey and Harold Roth, respectively.

Newman
Club



To acquire that self-confidence so noticeably nurtured by speaking before an audience, the Newman Club offers high school seniors the opportunity of partaking in public and private assemblies of a literary nature. They, as well as the college students, have literary inclinations, and for the purpose of gratifying these tendencies was this organization instituted as a younger brother to the C.L.S. Directed by the same Moderator as the elder literary society, they have presented, this year, "Ghostly Fingers" and "Born Lucky." Daniel Raible and James Thurin have presided over the group throughout the current year.

Collegian
Staff



Initiating a new plan of publication, the COLLEGIAN Staff of '34 - 35 has succeeded in revising the appearance as well as the contents of the journal. Defying precedent they sent this year's COLLEGIAN to press with an entirely new format that was used consistently throughout the course of the year. George Muresan, '36, staff artist, featured new column heads, cuts for stories, and unique, original fill-ins that contrasted with the syndicated art work previously used.

Leadership as that given by George La Noue, the Editor-in-chief, and Anthony Suelzer, Business Manager, together with the aid and advice of our faculty supervisors, the Reverend Fathers Koester and Ley, and our new printers, the Messenger of the Precious Blood, sustains the staff's confidence that this year's COLLEGIAN will not be considered inferior to the efforts of previous staffs.

Quality both in appearance and in writing has been the aim of the staff. The COLLEGIAN of '33 - '34 received the distinction of "First class honor rating" from the National Scholastic Press Association, and from the Catholic School Press Association, the award of "All Catholic Honor Rating." Favorable monthly comments from these press associations seem to predict as high honors for this year's work.

Monogram Club



Soft light filtering out in invitation, the rhythm of an orchestra offering a melodic welcome, that is the Monogram Club at night. Furnished in a home-like manner, well situated, and neatly kept, removed from the insistent glare of white light and the strident hum of excited youthful voices, this club offers to the athletes at St. Joseph's the ideal spot for ideal recreational moments. In this cozy habitat team members are drawn closer together and training rules lose some of their sting.

During this, its second year of existence, the organization has become, through its members, one of the most lively groups on the campus. As the qualification for membership consists in the earning of a Varsity letter, it is readily seen that the Monogram Club is one of the most exclusive of all campus activities. Leading this rapidly growing group during the past year have been Coach Raymond DeCook, Director, George La Noue, President, and John Samis, Secretary.

Dwenger
Mission Unit

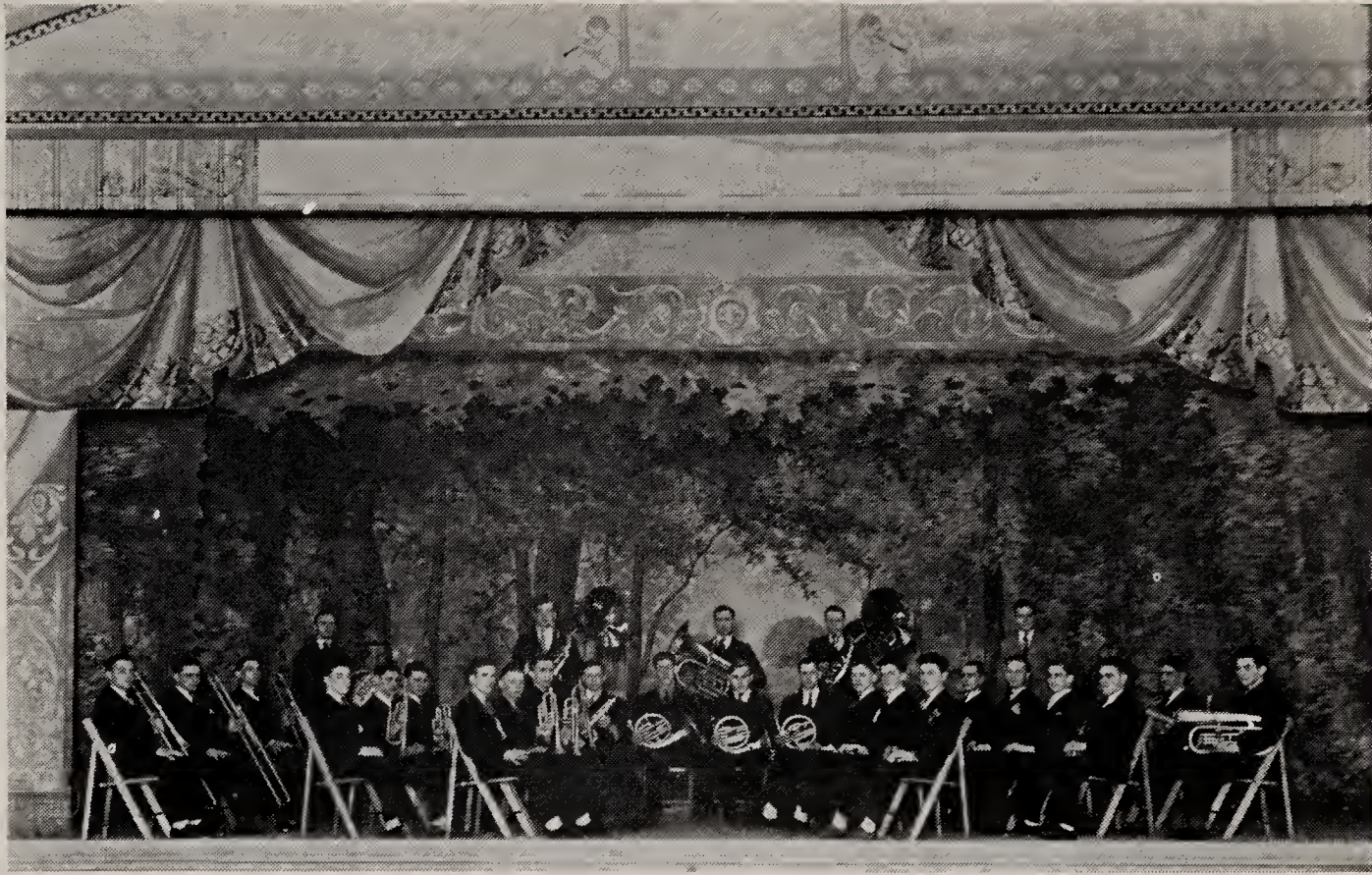


Offering financial and spiritual aid to the home and foreign missions and serving as an active and progressive leader in Catholic Action, The Dwenger Mission Unit forms an integral part of the college extra-curricular activities. Capable, interested, and eagerly vigorous, the Rev. Cyrille F. Knue, C.P.P.S., serves as Director of the Unit.

The officers chosen to lead the Unit during the past year were: John Samis, President; George Heinzen, Vice-president; John LaBadie, Secretary; Albert Van Nevel, Treasurer; Earl Foos, Librarian; Edward Hession, Catholic Action Leader; Norbert Loshe, Spiritual Treasurer; Gerald La Fontain, Publicity Chairman; and Edward McCarthy, Chairman of the Round Table Study Club.

A worthy and worthwhile organization, the D.M.U. endeavors to instill missionary spirit into the heart of each member. To provide pecuniary means of assisting home and foreign missionaries in spreading the Faith, the annual Mission Festival, a gala occasion, affords ample opportunity.

College Band



An integral part of the college musical department, the band, serves as an interesting means of entertainment for the entire studentbody. Playing between acts of plays, offering delightful concerts during the warmer months, and presenting musical interludes whenever necessity demands, this group of lusty musicians serves as another proof of the ability of Professor Paul Tonner, B.A.

An institution whose existence is synonymous with that of the school, a monument to the musical advancement of the school, the band deserves a note of praise for the entertainment they have so willingly and so adroitly rendered during the current year.

College
Choir



Rare quality characterized the singing of the College Choir during the past scholastic year. Under the tutelage of the Reverend Joseph Hiller, C.P.P.S., the melodic voices of the choristers were blended into symphonic interpretations of the hymns of the Mass.

If the beauty of the Mass can be augmented, the choir by its unique and varied chants certainly enhanced its ceremonies. Sun streaming through the stained chapel windows, intonations emanating from the choir loft, students at prayer, and Mass being celebrated at the altar offer a picture of the studentbody in their more serious moments.

Proof of ability in song other than Gregorian chant was amply demonstrated in the operetta, "Double Crossed," presented cooperatively by the Choir and the Glee Club.

Professor Paul Tonner, B.A., organist, aided not a little in abetting the Choir's proficiency.

Glee Club



With a year's experience, versed in the presentation of songs classical, lightly operatic, and popular, the St. Joseph's Glee Club made its first grand appearance of the year in "Double Crossed", an operetta presented jointly with the Choir. Apt, artistic, and melodious, might characterize this production. It certainly ranks among the best musical shows ever presented in Alumni Hall.

By his masterful direction, diligent labor, and ingenious ability, Professor Paul Tonner, B.A., transformed uncultivated into cultured, melodious voices. To pay Professor Tonner due credit for his work would require the use of many superlatives. The quality of his work is superlative.

Raleigh
Club



In Rome, it was the forum; in the cities of ancient Greece, it was the agora; at St. Joseph's, it is the Raleigh Club. Center of campus activity, are its clubrooms. For some they are a place of dreamy recollections and aspirations on dreamy, listless days; for others, a common meeting place of men and ideas. Upstairs, smoke floats lazily toward the ceiling; cards are shuffled and dealt; music blends with the sound of many voices. Below, with the click of billiard balls and the clatter of paddles at the ping pong table, the hands on the clock seem to turn faster.

Presided over by The Reverend John Schon, C.P.P.S., as Director, and Gerard Krapf, as President, the Club has offered its members many delightful entertainments.

Raleigh Club
Orchestra



The informal programs sponsored by the Raleigh Club have gone far toward enlivening St. Joe students; in them they find surcease from the humdrum regularity of boarding school life. No little feature of these entertainments has been the Club's own delightful orchestra, the "Little Red Peppers", directed by Henry "Pepper" Martin, and featuring as soloist the ever-affable Jim O'Grady.

St. Joseph's

by

E. A. Maziarz '35

The lengthening shadows of thy towers
At sunset glow,
Signal the close of this joyful day,
A day of bliss, thy hearty gift to those
Who are prepared to leave thy halls
And wander forth
In search of ways
That lead to Fortune's favor.

But we, for whom this day of joy is made,
Remember well
That none for us a truer crown can weave,
Nor Fortune now, nor late Renown,
Than that which comes to us
From thine own hands, St. Joseph's.
Hence, not forgetful of the noble work,
Which thou hast wrought in our behalf,
We shall retain in clearest memory
This happy day
Which stands as an example grand
Of that deep thought, unquestioned yet by man,
That kindness is the gist of human story
Which out of duty makes a path to glory.

Before us those have gone who met success;
Who, too, walked here in dreams and reveries,
Nor shunned the warning of thy kindly words
That beckoned them to span the gulf of doubt,
At whose broad chasm
Oft they stood twixt "will and will not" chained,
Until encouraged by thy call
They crossed
And then pursued their hopeful way
In wise humility.

Now as this haughty day has emptied out
Its vast blue urn
Of heaven's fire,
There lingers in our hearts a real desire
To say in verse, St. Joseph's,
As musical as thou art true,
The record of thy worth.
But since it is not ours
To trace in rhyme or rhythm
Songs that make immortal what they sing
Or write thy name in such expressive phrase
As is thy due,
We speak our thanks in humble lines
And live in memory with you.

ATHLETICS





Coach Raymond DeCook, B. Sc.

Since St. Joseph's Athletic revival, Coach DeCook, B.Sc., has guided her destinies. In 1932 he received his degree from the University of Notre Dame, where, in his student days, he had established himself as one of the five greatest basketball players ever developed at that famous center of the game. The following year, he came to St. Joseph's to undertake a program of construction. The task has been difficult; results have come slowly, but slow progress is sure progress. St. Joseph's is proud of its Coach, Ray DeCook.

Football



As far as sportsmanship and playing ability are concerned, St. Joseph's can point with pride to the varsity football squad of 1934. Although the cardinal and purple eleven were able to win only one of five games played, we can truthfully say that this season was anything but unsuccessful.

Centered around the plunging of Bob Hatton and "Hunk" Anderson, and the blocking and teamwork of Jim O'Grady, Len Kostka, Joe Smolar, and "Buck" O'Riley, Captain La Noue, and the kicking sensation, Dick Scharf, led a very versatile attack; St. Joe followers will long remember the renowned aerial attack that swept Rose Poly from its feet and brought the ball from mid-field across the goal line in just three minutes. Nor will they easily forget the defensive work on a certain October afternoon when the Cardinal line held the Valpo U. Reserves to a meager three yards gain during an entire quarter. Gaffney and Heckman, ends; Kosalko and Raterman, tackles; Leuter- man and Foos, guards; and Gloriosso, center, composed that forward wall, while the St. Joe backs shattered and sliced a stubborn Uhlan line.

Now that St. Joseph's has a start in the football world, we have every reason to believe that after a few years of experience, it will be recognized as one of the uppermost of the smaller college elevens. Of the '34 team, Captain La Noue and "Little Dynamite" Glorioso received All State mention from the "Indianapolis Star."

Although a number of players will be lost to the team by graduation, Coach DeCook expects with the aid of new material, to place a team on the field that will be worthy of wearing the cardinal and purple. Captain La Noue, Leuterman, Raterman, O'Grady, Heckman, Kostka, Bierberg, Spegele, and La Fontain are the senior lettermen who have donned their last uniforms at St. Joseph's. To Cy Gaffney, stellar end from St. Rita's of Chicago, has been entrusted the leadership of 1935.

St. Joe	7; —	Rose Poly	14
St. Joe	6; —	Elmhurst	8
St. Joe	25; —	Valpo U. Reserves	6
St. Joe	0; —	Manchester	46
St. Joe	0; —	Central Normal	6

Football Schedule

1935

St. Joseph's	Sept. 28	—	Valparaiso University	H
St. Joseph's	Oct. 5	—	Open	
St. Joseph's	Oct. 12	—	Elmhurst College	T
St. Joseph's	Oct. 19	—	Central Normal College	T
St. Joseph's	Oct. 26	—	Rose Poly	T
St. Joseph's	Nov. 2	—	Manchester College	H
St. Joseph's	Nov. 9	—	Open	

Intramural Football

As is customary in the rough and tumble art in which the pigskin plays an important role, the older and more experienced seniors claim the honor of winning the intramural football championship. With Manager Tony Suelzer, John Samis, Bill Hartlage and Harold Roth acting as battering rams, the seniors emerged from the season's activities with three victories and no defeats. Close behind them came the bucking Fifths with two wins and one loss. This squad attributes its showing to the incessant plunging of Charlie Froelich, Gene Zimmerman and George Muresan, and the shifty pass receiving of Bill Stack. The Fourths managed to win one game, and that at the expense of the Thirds, who had to be content with being the second best in all their contests. Homco, Andres and Kelley were the spark plugs for the Fourth year machine, while Hanpeter and Moriarity added power to the Third year attack.

Basketball



Fate, with all its powers, seemed to be turned against the Cardinal basketball hopes of 1934-35, and against Co-captain John Downey in particular. It was largely due to the fact that Johnny was out of the lineup with either a sprained ankle, a trick knee, or the mumps, that the Cards pulled through the season with but six victories in seventeen games played.

With the schedule under way, it seemed that the St. Joseph five was headed toward a successful season, but the blows and bumps of defeat made their appearance only too often, and the Cards had to make the best of it.

Though the season as a whole was by no means a perfect one, several outstanding events took place to brighten things for a time. Perhaps the most sparkling performance of the past few years happened on December 20, when the Cardinals met Valparaiso University. At half time the upstaters were leading, 11 - 5, but the St. Joseph five staged a spectacular comeback, holding the Uhlans absolutely scoreless, and at the same time dropping in eleven points to top the visitors, 16 - 11. Another big night for the Cardinals was their victory over the strong Joliet Junior College team. The northern Illinois squad came to College-

ville with a record of seventeen wins in eighteen games, but fell before the Cardinals in a hard struggle, 35 - 31.

The regular team was composed of Downey, Gaffney, Scharf, at forwards; Hatton, center; Andres and Hession, guards. Van Nevel, O'Riley, Beeler, and Bubala were the chief aides of the reserve power. Cy Gaffney, who was the cause of several of the St. Joseph victories, was the leading scorer in the Indiana conference, with 187 points in seventeen games played. Only three squad members, Co-captains John Downey and Ed Hession, and Gene Beeler, will be lost by graduation.

St. Joseph's	32; — Kokomo	21
St. Joseph's	22; — Central Normal	44
St. Joseph's	28; — Huntington	31
St. Joseph's	32; — Gallagher	35
St. Joseph's	21; — Manchester	40
St. Joseph's	16; — Valparaiso	11
St. Joseph's	28; — St. John's	22
St. Joseph's	29; — Kokomo	45
St. Joseph's	35; — Joliet	31
St. Joseph's	26; — Manchester	27 (overtime)
St. Joseph's	28; — Gallagher	37
St. Joseph's	28; — Central Normal	51
St. Joseph's	33; — Anderson	25
St. Joseph's	28; — Huntington	42
St. Joseph's	31; — Joliet	47
St. Joseph's	39; — Anderson	34
St. Joseph's	21; — St. John's	26

Basketball Schedule

1935 — 1936

St. Joseph's	Dec. 2	— Anderson College	H
St. Joseph's	Dec. 5	— Central Normal College	H
St. Joseph's	Dec. 7	— Notre Dame B	T
St. Joseph's	Dec. 10	— Huntington College	H
St. Joseph's	Dec. 13	— Kokomo College	T
St. Joseph's	Dec. 17	— Valparaiso University	T
St. Joseph's	Dec. 20	— Gallagher College	H
St. Joseph's	Jan. 11	— Kokomo College	H
St. Joseph's	Jan. 15	— Valparaiso University	H
St. Joseph's	Jan. 18	— Joliet Jr. College	H
St. Joseph's	Jan. 23	— Central Normal College	T
St. Joseph's	Feb. 4	— Manchester College	H
St. Joseph's	Feb. 8	— Huntington College	T
St. Joseph's	Feb. 15	— Notre Dame B	H
St. Joseph's	Feb. 22	— Joliet Jr. College	T
St. Joseph's	Feb. 25	— Manchester College	T
St. Joseph's	Feb. 29	— Concordia College	H
St. Joseph's	Mar. 4	— Gallagher College	T

Basketball
Floor



Intramural Basketball

Playing heads-up ball throughout the season, the seniors added the basketball championship to their list of laurels for the third consecutive year, with eight victories and no defeats. With a well-balanced team, composed of Bill Hartlage, George La Noue, Maurice Rinderly, Jim Thornbury, Jim Scott, Joe Leuterman, Jim O'Grady and Len Kostka, the seniors brought their total to twenty-one successive wins. The Fifths, led by Charlie Froelich, Joe Smolar and Fred Steininger, gave the Sixths a run for high honors, but fell short with six wins and two losses. Bill Stack and Red O'Connor also played leading parts for the college freshmen. The Fourths, Thirds, and Seconds divided third place honors with two victories and six defeats each. The Fourths' power was found mainly in Jim Thurin, and Ed Finan. Julius Thurin and Fred Hanpeter led the scoring for the Thirds, while Con Sterling, Gerry McGraw, and Harold Eder kept the Seconds in a fighting mood.



With the advent of spring's sunlight and shadow, baseball seems to follow as a natural event. The various diamonds are scenes of vigorous activity. The sound of voices echoing and reechoing; the crack of a bat; an outfielder running; a flash of white; the sharp click of a ball meeting a glove — color, action, suspense, thrill, that is baseball.

Answering Coach DeCook's initial summons were nine lettermen upon whom St. Joseph's builds hope for the strongest team in the past decade. "Beeg Joe" Raterman and Norb Dreiling, veteran slab men, seem due for the first call, with Harold Roth and Corny Wiemels as relief hurlers. Behind the plate will be either Gus Wolf or Cy Gaffney. On the present inner line of defense are four lettermen; "Little Joe" Smolar, the clever speedster, at first base; Shively Bill Hartlage, brilliant defensive player and reliable hitter, at second base; at short, the veteran, hard-hitting, pepper-box "Dave" La Noue; and at the hot corner, either Len Kostka or Charlie Froelich, two exceptional fielders with good arms. Dick Scharf and Andy Ferencak add reserve power.

Competition in the outfield presents a merry battle. Patrolling the center garden will be Sammy Samis, but in the other positions, new men, Joe Weaver, Bob Hatton, Wimp Grindle, and Norm Schmock, are battling for the call against two members of last year's team, Eddie Hession and Kush Kosalko. But no matter what combination takes the field on May 1, the Cardinals will not lack power and strength.

Athletic Director Father Theodore Koenn, and Coach DeCook have arranged the following schedule:

May 1	— Oxford	H
May 5	— Saint John	H
May 8	— George Williams College	H
May 12	— Joliet College	H
May 13	— Alumni	H
May 18	— George Williams College	T
May 29	— Huntington College	T



Have You Heard This One?

The drunk was noisily trying to unlock the door to his flat late one night, when a window opened upstairs and an angry voice yelled: "Haven't you got your key?"

"Sure," replied the drunk, "I got lotsha keys, but shay, would you throw me a couple o' keyholes?"

Arriving in an oil town, a stranger was attempting to start a friendly conversation with a native. "Tell me," he said, "what is the status of the liquor supply around here?"

"Status," mumbled the native, "I dunno what you mean."

"I mean is it easy to obtain liquor and is there much around here?"

"Well, Mister," said the native, "all I can tell you is that a little while back they turned off the water supply for a week and nobody knew it till the town hall caught fire."

"Good morning, Mrs. Kelley," said the doctor, "did you take your husband's temperature as I told you?"

"Yes, I borrowed a barometer and placed it on his chest; it said 'very dry,' so I bought him a pint o' beer and he's gone back to work."

Casey had been married only a week when he discovered that his wife, who had assumed control of household and larder, was inclined to be stingy. He had been working in the garden one afternoon when his wife came to the back door and, to his astonishment, called out in strident tones: "Terrence, come in to tea, toast, and eggs."

Terrence, surprised, dropped his spade and ran into the kitchen. "Sure, and yer only kiddin' me," he said.

"No, Terrence," said his wife, "It's not you, it's the neighbors I'm kiddin'."

Nurse: "I think Weaver is regaining consciousness, Doctor; he tried to blow the foam off his medicine."

The traveler from the tropics was delivering a lecture on his experiences.

"Believe it or not, ladies and gentlemen, but I understand the language of the wild animals."

From the end of the auditorium came Andres' voice: "The next time you see a skunk, will you please ask him just what is the big idea?"

Class Register

NAME	ADDRESS	
Baird, Richard P.	3110 Roanoke Ave.	Cleveland, Ohio
Beeler, Eugene W.		Glendale, Ky.
Bierberg, Rudolph P.	427 S. 18th St.	Columbus, Ohio
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Cain, Heil A.	971 Linden Av.	Zanesville, Ohio
Downey, John A.	820 S. McDonel St.	Lima, Ohio
Elder, John	2018 Sherwood Av.	Louisville, Ky.
Foohey, Donald J.	336 Lexington Ct.	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Hartlage, William C.	Camp Ground Road	Shively, Ky.
Hasson, Hugh P.	10 E. Silver St.	Wapakoneta, Ohio
Heckman, Norman L.	727 E. Third St.	Ottawa, Ohio
Heimann, Ambrose J.		Decatur, Ind.
Heinzen, George W.	2676 N. 9th St.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Hemmelgarn, Werner H.		Ft. Recovery, Ohio
Henning, Clement V.	714 Harrison St.	Paducah, Ky.
Hession, Edward I.	1610 Columbia St.	Lafayette, Ind.
Higgins, William S.	646 S. Hickory St.	Nowata, Okla.
Kelley, Glynn E.	206 S. Blackhoof St.	Wapakoneta, Ohio
Klaus, Donald R.		Delphos, Ohio
Klinker, Joseph A.	824 S. 11th St.	Lafayette, Ind.
Kostka, Leonard J.	18031 Hickory Av.	Detroit, Mich.
Krapf, Gerard H.	129 S. Parkside Av.	Chicago, Ill.
Kreutzer, John D.	15 N. Grant S.	Peru, Ind.
Kuebler, John L.	5 Main St.	Tiffin, Ohio
La Badie, John R.	445 East Main St.	Ottawa, Ohio
La Fontain, Gerald W.		Fostoria, Ohio
La Noue, George D.	3 W. Warren St.	Calumet City, Ill.
Leuterman, Joseph A.	2721 N. 12th St.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Lindeman, Jerome F.		Delphos, Ohio
Loshe, Norbert J.		Coldwater, Ohio
McCarthy, Edward J.	5632 Nottingham Av.	St. Louis, Mo.
Martin, Henry J.	547 W. Davis St.	St. Louis, Mo.
Maziarz, Edward A.	708 E. Clarke St.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Minick, Norbert J.	917 Grant Av.	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Mores, Bernard A.	2030 Davis Av.	Whiting, Ind.
Neinberg, Joseph A.	Box 30	Glandorf, Ohio
O'Brien, John J.	302 W. Wayne St.	Lima, Ohio
O'Grady, James W.	930 Brice Av.	Lima, Ohio
Palmer, Richard W.	723 College Av.	Lima, Ohio
Quinn, James E.	4134 Magoun Av.	East Chicago, Ind.
Ranly, Victor J.		St. Henry, Ohio
Raterman, Joseph L.		Minster, Ohio.
Renwick, William R.	Ambassador Apt. Hotel	Indianapolis, Ind.
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Roth, Harold F.	Box 89	Star City, Ind.
Saffer, Allard C.	1339 S. 9th St.	Paducah, Ky.
Samis, John A.	2001 Devon Av.	Chicago, Ill.
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Scott, James G.	348 S. Monroe St.	Tiffin, Ohio
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Shafer, Vincent H.	1644 Jonathan Av.	Cincinnati, Ohio
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Soller, James L.	239 W. Broadway St.	Shelbyville, Ind.
Spegele, Michael A.	800 Shedbourne Av.	Dayton, Ohio
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Stohr, Michael J.		Cole Camp, Mo.
Suelzer, Anthony J.	2207 S. Fairfield Av.	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Sutton, Bernard F.	706 Division St.	Huntington, Ind.
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Watzek, Francis J.	2670 Drake Road	Columbus, Ohio
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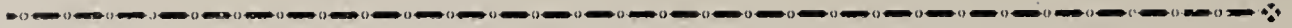
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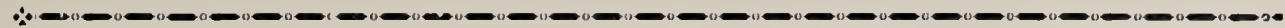
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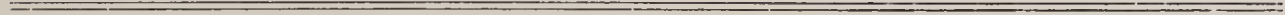
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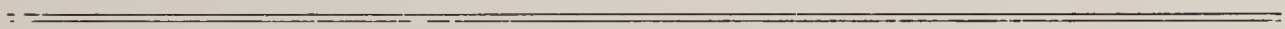


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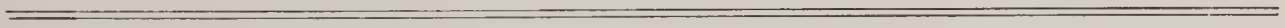


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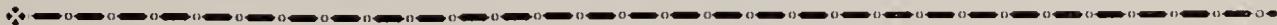
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Boys (simultaneously): "What other kind?"

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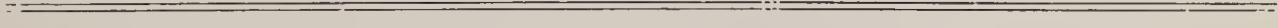
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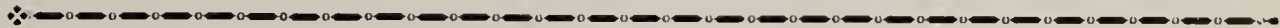
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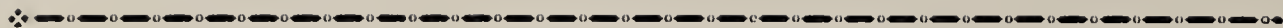


Professor of Botany: "Give me a more eloquent rendering of the sentence, 'The sap rises'."

Student: "Sure. The boob gets out of bed."

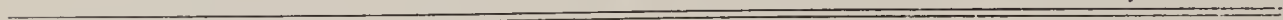
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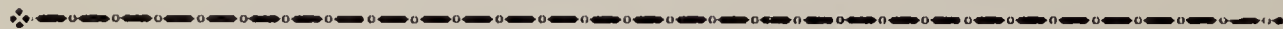
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"Ah'll tell you, missus," answered Mandy. "Ah raise' them boys with a barrelstave, and Ah raise' them frequent."

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